

Atlantic Insight



22

Cover Story: When Nova Scotia New Democratic Party leader Alexa Mc-Donough won her way into the provincial legislature in October, 1981, it was the first breakthrough for her party on the province's mainland. Her triumph dissolved in a legislature session that gave her a trial by fire. But she didn't go up in smoke. Instead, she emerged more determined than ever to give Atlantic Canada its first provincial NDP government within the next 10 years. Some political observers think she just might. By Harry Bruce

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID NICHOLS



30

Travel: London too expensive? Not if you know how and where to go. There really are bargains to be had in lodgings, food, transportation and many other areas. Robert Stewart tells all

NOVEMBER 1982, Vol. 4 No. 11

42

Special Report: As law enforcers in the United States get tough with illicit drug peddlers, the traffic is moving up the coast to the Atlantic provinces. Chris Wood examines the hard facts of the billion-dollar high



56

Food: A meatless Christmas? Why not, when you can take advantage of a scrumptious collection of vegetarian recipes gathered together by Prince Edward Island's Joanie Sutton. So turn out the turkey, bring on the veggies and make merry



58

Art: Before he became a founding member of the Group of Seven, Arthur Lismer lived, worked and painted in Nova Scotia, a province he grew to love and returned to time and again. His Nova Scotia works, including many paintings of Halifax during the First World War, are part of a new art show which will tour the Atlantic provinces. They offer a fascinating look at the development of a style which was to dominate Canada's most famous art movement

- 2 Editor's Letter: How to save a magazine (by really trying)
- 4 Feedback
- **9 The Region:** The shocking facts about abused women and children in the Atlantic provinces
- 12 New Brunswick: Premier Richard Hatfield's fourth term in office may be his toughest
- 14 Nova Scotia: MLA Paul MacEwan's Cape Breton Labor Party is off the ground, with support from surprising sources
- 16 Newfoundland & Labrador: Will politics kill the community of Buchans?
- 18 Prince Edward Island: The Island's best-known developer, Bernard Dale, keeps a low profile
- 28 Folks: Butterflies from New Brunswick... songs from Nova Scotia... and orchids from Newfoundland
- **34 The Law:** In P.E.I. the conflict between landowners and magic mushroom pickers escalates
- 36 Business: Fighting barnacles with guess what? high-powered sound
- **38 Music:** Where does the Atlantic Symphony go from here?
- 48 Profile: They counted P.E.I. poet Milton Acorn down and out too soon
- **50 Education:** A new fisheries college has Nfld. towns head-to-head against St. John's
- **52 Medicine:** Why some Moncton doctors are saying no to abortion
- **54 Harry Bruce's column:** Confessions of a credit-card junkie
- **62 Books:** The new fall lists bring everything from wireheads to Oscar Wilde
- 69 Calendar of events
- 70 Photo Contest: And the winners are...
- 72 Movies: The great Canadian train robber is celebrated in a new flick
- 76 Ray Guy's column: You don't have to be crazy to be a writer. But it probably doesn't hurt

Editor Marilyn MacDonald **Managing Editor** Marian Bruce Art Director Bill Richardson **Photography Director** David Nichols Associate Editor, Copy Chief **Contributing Editor** Harry Bruce Staff Writer Roma Senn **Editorial Assistant** Pam Lutz **Typesetting** Artistat Limited **Subscription Supervisor** Faith Drinnan Circulation Assistants Yvonne Power Susan Hardy

Publisher
Northeast Publishing Limited
President
Marilyn MacDonald
General Manager
Jack M. Daley
Controller
Patrick J. Hamilton

Regional Sales Manager,
Advertising Sales in Nova Scotia:
Lena Healy, Telephone: (902) 429-8090
In New Brunswick:
Larry Haley
Comp. 7, Site 5, R.R. #1
Moncton, New Brunswick E1C 8J5
Telephone: (506) 382-6495
In Prince Edward Island:
Barry Smith
RR #2, Vernon Bridge, P.E.I. COA 1R0
Telephone: (902) 651-2950
In Newfoundland:
Stephen Sharpe
P.O. Box 8513, Postal Station A
St. John's, Nfld. A1B 3P2

National Sales
John McGown & Associates Inc:
Dave Richardson
785 Plymouth Ave. Suite 310
Town of Mount Royal
Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3
Telephone: (514) 735-5191
Mike Jarman
4800 Dundas St. W.
Toronto, Ontario M9A 1B1
Telephone: (416) 232-1394

Telephone: (709) 722-2511

Western Canada Doug Davison National Advertising Representatives Ltd. Suite 414, 788 Beatty St. Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1A2 Telephone: (604) 688-6819

Atlantic Insight is published 12 times a year by Northeast Publishing Limited, 1656 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2. Second Class Postal Permit No. 4683 ISSN 0708-5400. Indexed in Canadian Periodical Index. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, 1 year, \$25, 2 years, \$47; U.S.A., Territories & Possessions, 1 year, \$35; Overseas, 1 year, \$45. Contents Copyright \$1982 by Northeast Publishing Limited may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA.

Editor's Leffer

t times it's seemed like an endless year, but we've survived. For those of us who produce Atlantic Insight every month and for those of you who buy and read it, that's really all that matters.

Many of you will already know that the magazine has a new publishing company and new owners. Northeast Publishing Ltd. is made up of three investors: One is a local firm, based in Nova Scotia; two are from outside the region. Together, they've brought the magazine an infusion of working capital which we needed badly. They liked what they saw in Atlantic Insight and they were determined to see it survive.

Changes of ownership in a magazine often bring abrupt changes in editorial policy. That affects readers, so it's important for you to know that no such changes are going to happen here. Our roots are in the region, we are a magazine for and of Atlantic Canada. We'll continue to bring you the stories of the region, from the small, less-than-earth-shaking ones that make up our Folks section to the big ones such as our award-winning writer Chris Wood's report on the booming illicit drug trade on the east coast (Special Report, page 42).

We are going to deliver to you on time. The financial difficulties that the magazine has been struggling with over the past months have made a shambles of our production schedule and caused us to be late with issues, a situation that's frustrated us and you too. It will take us a little while, but we've already begun the steps that will get us back on schedule and back on time.

As a way of celebrating our rebirth with you, we're planning something special. Our December issue will be a collection of some of the best stories which have appeared in the magazine since we published our first issue in April, 1979. Some are the stories which helped us win seven national and two regional magazine awards over the past three years. Some are the ones that didn't win awards, but we thought they should. They'll be bound with a special cover, making the issue a collector's item, some-



thing we hope you'll want to keep around for a long, long while.

From there, we'll go on to produce 12 issues of the magazine in 1983 and, we hope and confidently expect, for many years after that. We will honor all the subscriptions you now hold, down to the letter. We want you to stay with us, to enjoy the magazine and, whenever it's necessary, to give us a reminder when we fall short of your expectations.

Within a few days of the announcement that a new company was trying to save Atlantic Insight, we began to get the first tangible, touching signs of your faithful support: Subscription orders, accompanied by little notes, wishing us well. We've also heard from you in letters, in phone calls, and on the street. Our favorite, though, was a card that arrived just as we were going to press with this issue. It has a basket of fruit on the cover and the verse inside says:

Glad you're feeling better, And so this comes to say, "Hope you'll keep right on improving Until you're well to stay."

In part, all this means that there are a lot of you who are glad that Atlantic Insight is going on, but I think it also means that you see in our survival hope for the survival of other enterprises in these gloomy economic times. We hope that's true. It will mean for them, as it has for us, believing strongly enough in what you're doing to fight hard for it, against all odds, by being tough, proud, tenacious and just plain stubborn; all excellent qualities which the people of Atlantic Canada know a lot about.

Marilyon Mandaned



winsbys Shoes of distinction

Amali.

- 13 Styles for Fall
- Sizes 5-11
- Widths 3A, 2A and B
- Open Thursday and Friday Evenings

5504 Spring Garden Rd., Halifax, N.S. B3J 1G5 423-7324

AIRPORT HOTEL

HALIFAX



Restful, cheerful rooms, 117 of them.

Enjoy a variety of tempting dishes in our Dining Room or Coffee Shop.

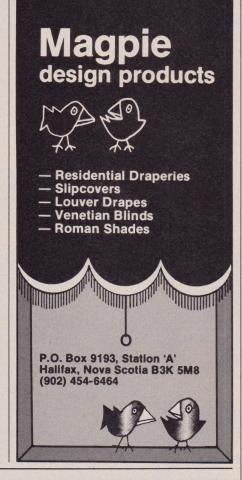
Unwind in the 'Piano Bar' Lounge.

Splash around in our indoor and outdoor pools.

Saunas — Gift Shop.
3 minutes from Airport by courtesy limousine.
25-minute drive from Halifax.

Next to Tourist Information Centre on Highway 102.

(902) 861-1860; Telex 019-22815





FEEDBACK

Human rights for whom?

The Canadian Human Rights Commission finds no fault with the CBC for its refusal to renew Rosann Cashin's contract of employment because her husband's profile is getting too high (Somebody's Reporter...or Just Somebody's Wife? Newfoundland & Labrador, August). Rosann married Richard Cashin 22 years ago and took his name. A bad career move. Then she compounded the blunder careerwise by staying married to him ever since. Richard Cashin of the towering profile is president of a fishermen's union, a director of Petro-Canada and the contented husband of a ridiculously steadfast wife. The Human Rights Commission distinguished Mrs. Cashin's position from the cases of other CBC employees who live with or are married to high-profile spouses. In those other cases, the wives had kept their maiden names, or the couples live in large cities, or one spouse was not widely known. Therefore, most people in the communities were unaware of the marriage, and the credibility of the news organization involved was not endangered.

Silly us down here in the boonies! Before this decision of the commission raised our backwater mentalities to a higher level of consciousness, we thought the role of the Human Rights Commission was to protect the rights of humans rather than the credibility of powerful organizations, and that all women had the same rights against discrimination whether they lived in Medicine Hat or Montreal. Some of us actually believed that if a person in government or the media had a potential conflict of interest as a result of marriage or for any other reason, then the potential for conflict of interest should be made known to the public and should not be covered up. How wrong we were! The Human Rights Commission has now opened our eyes to the realpolitik of human rights. If you are stupidly honest enough to let it get around that you have a potential conflict of interest, thereby allowing the general public to judge your objectivity in that light, then you deserve to get fired, and the Human Rights Commission will uphold your firing.

William N. Rowe St. John's, Nfld.

Cool grapes

Roma Senn's story Business Boom That Baby Duck Built (Business, September) was generally very good and certainly gave your readers some insight into the growing popularity of wines in general — and Andrés in particular. We think the main reason for our success is the use of whole California grapes which are brought to Truro once a year in refrigerated trucks. You failed to mention that Andrés Wines Atlantic is the most

successful winery in the world based on percentage of the available market. We lead in all wine categories, sparkling, dessert and the fast-growing table wine segment.

Ralph M. Logan, President Andrés Wines Atlantic Truro. N.S.

"Newfie" not a lovable term

"It's a wise mainlander, these days, who knows which side of her mouth her foot may end up in when she utters a word about Newfoundland," writes Marilyn MacDonald in her September Insight editorial. She goes on to chide anyone who objects to the lovable term "Newfie." Newfie originated with the American soldiers who came to Newfoundland during the Second World War. They used the word in exactly the same way, and with exactly the same inflection, as they used the term "nigger boy." It described a being who was, at best, childish and stupid; at worst, less than human. I do not consider myself one of "the shock troops of the new Newfoundland" Ms. MacDonald refers to, but I certainly object to the word Newfie. As for the "linguistic revisionism" of certain feminists, the use of the generic "he" is confusing. I don't want to have to ask (or go on street marches) to know if "him" in a job advertisement, scholarship description, in laws, grant applications or in the constitution, means "her" also. Words do count. The way we describe a product, a person, or a people often becomes a definition especially if it is to the advantage of a certain group to use a stereotype. I am sorry to know that a person who is a woman, an editor and one-tenth a Newfoundlander doesn't realize the power of words.

Bernice Morgan St. John's, Nfld.

Too many hunters

I want to wholeheartedly agree with Jim Maloney's comment "If there's a lack of deer in Nova Scotia it isn't because of the Micmac' (Jim Maloney: The Hard Times of a Survivor, Profile, July). I don't think there is a shortage of deer at the moment, but there may be an overage of hunters. A tough but possible solution would be an expensive, lengthy course on the land, the plants, the guns, the game, the weather, the politics and the politeness of deer hunting in Nova Scotia for anyone who could not prove sufficient time spent close to the land with his or her father or legal guardian between the ages of two and 14 to develop an awareness of nature. I don't know what's fair, but there must be some equitable way to keep the ignoramuses out of the woods, or at least unarmed.

Jim Drysdale Kauieng, New Ireland Province Papua New Guinea

BOOKS A GIFT TO LAST A LIFETIME

CANADA'S FLOWERS HISTORY OF THE CORVETTES OF CANADA

Canada's Flowers

The complete story of the corvettes in the Battle of the Atlantic with numerous illustrations, lists of commanding officers, dates of service and technical details.

\$9.95 104 pages, paperback



Christmas With the Rural Mail

A charming little book following the mail sleigh as it travels through the village. Stark, colourful simplicity of the illustrations and poetry catch the eye and heart. \$4.95 32 pages, paperback

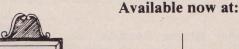


Outhouses of the East

A national bestseller and the classic guide to country conveniences. Photographs by Sherman Hines; text by Ray Guy. \$11.95 72 pages, hardcover



Towers of Gold, Feet of Clay One of the country's leading journalists exposes the Canadian banking system in this wise and witty book. \$24.95 320 pages, hardcover





A Pair **Trindles**

ATLANTIC CANADA'S **ONLY ALL CANADIAN BOOK STORE**

Old Red Store, Historic Prop. Halifax, 423-7528



Bayers Road Shopping Centre, Halifax, 455-0475 Bridgewater Mall, Bridgewater, 543-4773 Truro Centre, Truro, 895-3225 The Village Mall, St. John's, 364-2073

Mail Orders Welcome

ARE YOU WILLING TO BEAT CANCER?

of course you are. We all are. But it takes more than wishful thinking. It takes money.

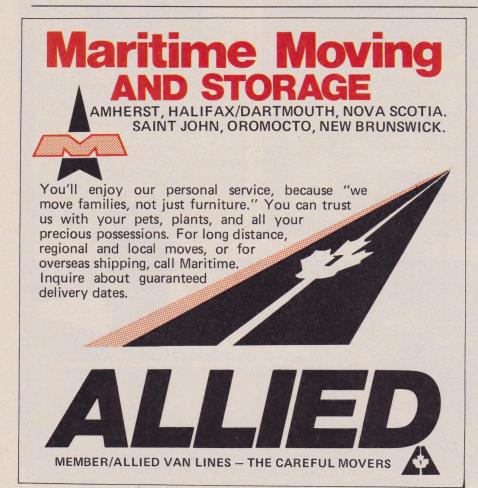
Only two-thirds of the Canadian Cancer Society's total costs can be met by our annual fund-raising campaign. We need bequests and other sources of income for the remaining third.

That's why we're asking you to please insert this one simple sentence in your will: "I give to the Canadian Cancer Society the sum of _____ dollars."

If you help us, expensive research programs can be continued and more can be initiated.

The magic word is 'you'. If you're willing, together we can beat it.

Canadian Cancer Society ? CAN CANCER BE BEATEN? YOU BET YOUR LIFE IT CAN.



FEEDBACK

Entertaining, but misleading

Steve Kimber's article on Joey Smallwood and his encyclopedia (Joey Smallwood, Salesman, Cover Story, September) may be entertaining to many on the subject of the Great Man Himself; however, it misrepresents the nature of the encyclopedia. It is not being written by Joey as "his version of history" (I quote your headline). Not at all. It is being researched, written and edited by a paid staff of researchers. Their work takes them not only to Mr. Smallwood's substantial library of Newfoundland, but also to the Provincial Reference Library, the Provincial Archives, Memorial University's Centre for Newfoundland Studies and other collections. The articles are documented, and provide a mine of useful and interesting information on Newfoundland and Newfoundlanders. No work is without occasional errors, misprints and so on; the encyclopedia is not perfect. However, in representing it as just another piece of Smallwood propaganda you are doing a disservice to the many people who want to learn more about Newfoundland, for whom the encyclopedia should be a welcome source of information.

> Marian Burnett St. John's, Nfld.

No room for doom and gloom

As fiscal agents for the Province of Nova Scotia my company, McLeod Young Weir Ltd., among others, sells the province's bonds. I have read the article in the September Insight (Falling Grades on the Provincial Report Card, Nova Scotia). Please note that the Moody organization of New York — the largest and most prestigious rating service — did not reduce the province's rating. Secondly, Mr. J.W. Ritchie, whom you quoted, was the previous Liberal government fiscal agent, and for this reason it is not unusual that he would comment. Doom and gloom expounded for whatever purposes is the most insidious disservice to Nova Scotia.

Donald F. Ripley, Vice-President and Director McLeod Young Weir Halifax, N.S.

A grave hobby

The article about William Black Wells (Billy the Blueberry King, Business, August) was very interesting. To start out at 11 years, with little education, and become a millionaire at 83 is certainly an achievement to be proud of, although as stated, "Wells's way with a dollar hasn't always made him popular." How sad that he spent \$80,000 for useless headstones for long-dead relatives. How much did he spend to feed the hungry of the world, or the needy of Nova Scotia?

Doris M. Coombs Dartmouth, N.S.

WELCOME TO

INDUSTRIAL PARK

SYDPORT makes sense for suppliers of the revitalized steel and coal industries of Atlantic Canada. Good sense, too, for those who will serve the region's developing offshore oil and gas action.

SYDPORT (formerly Point Edward Marine and Industrial Park) has facilities for ocean-going vessels...land ready for your custom development... and a strategic location.

Check these advantages:

- √ year-round harbour access
- √ 125 acres of fully-serviced land
- √ 400 additional acres for large-scale development
- √ trained work force available
- √ advantageous government assistance programs

For more leasing information and a copy of our informative booklet, "Introducing Sydport", please contact:

Roy Shawcross Manager Sydport Industrial Park P.O. Box 154 Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada B1P 6H1

Telephone: (902) 539-7978

Telex: 019-35290



A project of Cape Breton Development Corporation

SYDPORT

NOW, A GIFT IDEA THAT'S TOO GOOD TO KEEP UNDER WRAPS!

Here's a gift that's good for so many people on your list, and even costs less than it did last year!

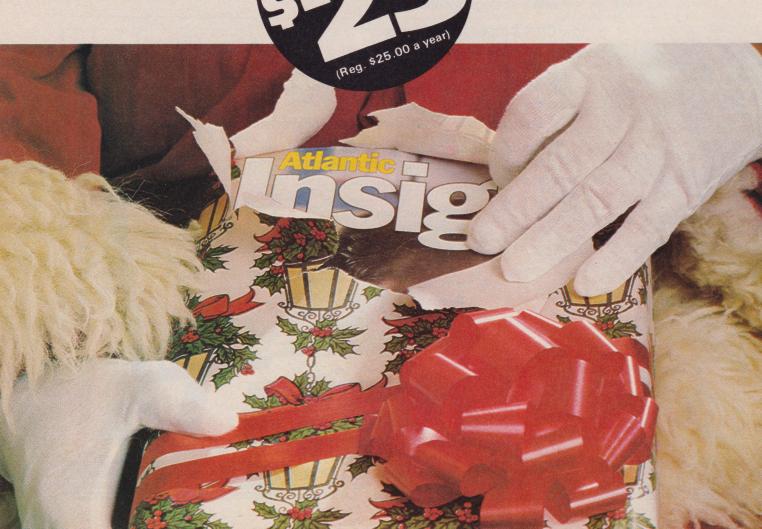
Gift your friends and relatives with subscriptions to Atlantic Insight, the news, views, pictures, people magazine of Atlantic Canada.

Order two or more gift subscriptions and pay only \$12.50 each. That's a 50% saving off the regular subscription price. A single gift subscription

is only \$17.00, and a 43% saving off the regular price. Sorry, but these special prices are good only in Canada.

Save yourself time, trouble, sore feet, and money. Order your Atlantic Insight gift subscriptions today. Just complete the order card, or write:

Atlantic Insight, Subscriptions
Dept., 958 Barrington Street,
Halifax B3H 2P7. We'll send
you 4-color gift cards to
announce your gifts.



HALF PRICE ON A FULL YEAR!

each. Special offer only in Canada. Regular \$25.00 each, USA 1-year \$35.00. Overseas 1-year, \$45.00



THE RESERVE TO SERVE THE PERSON NAMED IN

AND THE R. P. LEWIS CO., LANSING

N To the House,

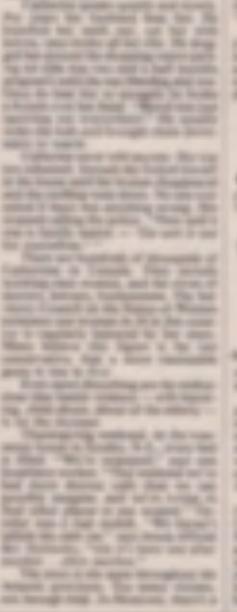
Annual Street Street St.

The Atlantic Insight subscription

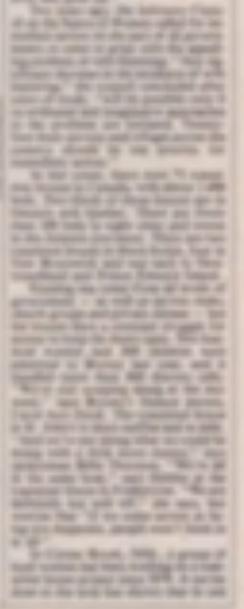
NOW THAT'S A GIFT!

For them (12 issues) For you (50% off) Special offer on 2 or more subs. Only in Canada.

1st GIFT	MY NAMEADDRESS
PROVCODE	PROV CODE
2nd GIFT ADDRESS PROV CODE	Total new subs







No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed In Canada

Postage will be paid by:



1656 Barrington Street Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 9Z9



SAVE TIME FUSSIEV MONEY MOSORE AND SORE FEET



THE REGION

Atlantic Canada's battered women and children: Too many victims, not enough help

As economic hard times get harder, abuse of women and children gets worse. Experts says this winter could push the tragic toll to its highest point yet

By Wendy Baldwin

ryony House is a refuge for battered women in Halifax. A safe place. The enormous front door is dead-bolted and the window shutters on the ground floor closed tight. I ring. Someone yells, "Who is it?" The bolts are slid back and the door opens. There is the sound of other doors shutting and children's voïces.

Catherine speaks quietly and slowly. For years her husband beat her. He knocked her teeth out, cut her with knives, once broke all her ribs. He dragged her around the shopping centre parking lot (she was two and a half months pregnant) until she was bleeding and raw. Once he beat her so savagely he broke a broom over her head. "Blood was just squirting out everywhere." He usually woke the kids and brought them downstairs to watch.

Catherine never told anyone. She was too ashamed. Instead she locked herself in the house until the bruises disappeared and the swelling went down. No one ever asked if there was anything wrong. She stopped calling the police. "They said it was a family matter — 'Go sort it out for yourselves."

There are hundreds of thousands of Catherines in Canada. They include working-class women, and the wives of doctors, lawyers, businessmen. The Advisory Council on the Status of Women estimates one woman in 10 in this country is regularly battered by her mate. Many believe this figure is far too conservative, that a more reasonable guess is one in five.

Even more disturbing are the indications that family violence — wife battering, child abuse, abuse of the elderly — is on the increase.

Thanksgiving weekend. At the transition house in Syndey, N.S., every bed is filled. "We're swamped," says one breathless worker. "This weekend we've had more distress calls than we can possibly imagine, and we're trying to find other places to put women." October was a bad month. "We haven't tallied the calls yet," says house official Bev Dubinsky, "but it's been one after another. ...after another."

The story is the same throughout the Atlantic provinces. Too many victims, not enough help. In Moncton, there's a

waiting list of eight families at the 12-bed Crossroads for Women. The transition house in Fredericton is full. "Busy is not the word for it," says the St. John's, Nfld., transition house spokesman. "We've had a waiting list of at least 10 families since last January." Bryony House in Halifax has been billeting women and kids in boarding houses and hotels around the city. "We're just seeing the tip of the iceberg," Dubinski says, "and this winter it's going to get worse."

Experts can't agree on why. Some say it's the recession. Unemployment, fear of losing a job, money troubles. Taking out anxiety and frustration and feelings of worthlessness on the one nearest — and dearest. Others say it's just that the tran-



Drawing by a child at Bryony House

sition houses are becoming better known and better accepted.

But there's one point the experts do agree on and that is that child abuse takes a quantum leap as the weather worsens and people are cooped up in apartments or indoors, and the bills don't always get paid. "That's when something snaps," says Halifax pediatrician Dr. John Anderson, "and they hit the baby."

Dr. Marsha Smith is chairman of the Child Protection Team at the Janeway Children's Hospital in St. John's, Nfld. She is shocked by the numbers of abused and neglected children she's looked after in the past six months. This past summer was the busiest the protection team has had in eight years. "I would never have predicted that many," she says,

"and I'd say we are in for a very tough winter ahead."

Anderson heads a similar team at the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children — the Select Committee on Abuse and Neglect (SCAN). "I don't like to make a prediction like that," he says, "and it won't make me very happy, but I'm very much afraid that is going to be the case." He refers to studies in other parts of Canada. "We've already seen more cases of abuse of children, I would say, in the past two or three years during the winter as the economic climate has deteriorated and the unemployment level has gone up."

Two years ago, the Advisory Council on the Status of Women called for immediate action on the part of all governments to come to grips with the appalling problem of wife battering. "Any significant decrease in the incidence of wife battering," the council concluded after years of study, "will be possible only if co-ordinated and imaginative approaches to the problem are initiated. Twenty-four-hour services and refuges across the country should be top priority for immediate action."

At last count, there were 73 transition houses in Canada, with about 1,400 beds. Two-thirds of those houses are in Ontario and Quebec. There are fewer than 100 beds in eight cities and towns in the Atlantic provinces. There are two transition houses in Nova Scotia, four in New Brunswick and one each in Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island.

Funding has come from all levels of government — as well as service clubs, church groups and private citizens — but the houses have a constant struggle for money to keep the doors open. Two hundred women and 300 children were admitted to Bryony last year, and it handled more than 800 distress calls. "We're just scraping along at the moment," says Bryony's finance person, Carol Ann Zinck. The transition house in St. John's is short-staffed and in debt. "And we're not doing what we could be doing with a little more money," says spokesman Billie Thurston. "We're all in the same boat," says Debbie at the transition house in Fredericton. "We are definitely not well off," she says, but worries that "if we come across as being too desperate, people won't fund us at all.'

In Corner Brook, Nfld., a group of local women has been working on a transition house project since 1979. A survey done in the area has shown that in one

THE REGION

10-month period, 231 women were battered. "And there's nothing here for them," says the chairman of the Committee on Family Violence, Marilyn Luscombe. "There's no intervention team, no help-line — and the one social work-er works nine to five." It's a day's drive to the transition house in St. John's. But, despite the evidence that there's a serious problem, the provincial Department of Social Services refuses to provide the \$200,000 the committee believes it needs to found a transition house. "They say it's because of government cut-backs, Luscombe says.

In Lunenburg County in Nova Scotia, local politicians won't even admit there is a problem. For five years, social worker Bill Middleton has tried to persuade county and municipal politicians to back his idea of "safe houses". system of sympathetic families throughout the county who would take in a woman and her children for a short time. He has exhaustively researched the problem and shown that although country women get beaten as often as urban women, rural wives are worse off because they have nowhere to go for help.

Middleton is frustrated and about to

give up. "The key people in the community," he says, "the people who can do something, won't even say, 'Yes, this is a problem and we want to do some-thing about it." 'Middleton isn't asking for money. He just wants family violence to be recognized. "People here are still treating wife battering humorously," he says, "as a kind of dirty joke. And there are still lots of myths. We get people saying, if a woman gets hit, she probably deserves it. We still get that — from municipal councillors. There's a long way to go.'

That philosophy is not confined to Lunenburg County. Last spring in the House of Commons in Ottawa, Judy Erola, the minister responsible for the status of women, was trying to bring the plight of the battered wife before her fellow parliamentarians. There were loud giggles and guffaws from all sides of the House — and then acute embarrassment.

But no one laughs about the battered child. No one dares even think that a child deserves to be battered, or must like it, or is probably egging its batterer on. Rather there is a sense of outrage when it happens. Feelings of anger and shock; expressions of rage and revulsion.

One child in 1,000 under the age of five is a "battered child." Fifty percent of those babies suffer permanent brain

damage. One in 10 dies.

Dr. John Anderson of SCAN, who's also director of outpatient services at the Izaak Walton Killam hospital, sees the worst of the child abuse cases — those requiring immediate psychiatric attention or surgery. "The work has to be done in the trenches," he says. "We're all working at the grassroots level and our caseloads are high, both in medicine and in child protection work. We're just putting our fingers in the dyke."

By the time a child gets to hospital, or the Children's Aid gets called in, the damage has often been done. "What I find particularly disturbing," says one protection worker who deals daily with abused or neglected children, "is that there are concerned people in the community who are vaguely aware about particular kids - but who for their own reasons are afraid to bring it to our attention." Another social worker adds, "Raising kids is still thought to be a fam-

ily matter." But family violence is not just a family matter. It is society's problem. And it's going to take the efforts of more than just a few isolated women's groups and a handful of overworked physicians and overloaded caseworkers both to deal with the problems and to get across to society that it is everyone's problem. At this stage, most people are only dimly aware that there is such a thing as battered babies and beaten wives. They're a long way from understanding the reasons for family violence, and even further from realizing how great the prob-

ALLOF

From your room in Chateau Halifax, overlooking the harbour, you'll feel all of Halifax is at your command. And it is. Because Chateau Halifax

dominates downtown Halifax.

At Chateau Halifax you're in the heart of the downtown business core and directly connected especially long day, unwind with a swim and to Scotia Square with its offices, cinema and hundreds of shops and services. A short walk takes you to the government buildings and the Historic Properties; the Maritime Centre and City Hall. The city's entertainment scene too, is at your command.

Without leaving the hotel you can dine elegantly in The Nightwatch, overlooking the twinkling lights of Halifax harbour. Enjoy a fondue in Edward and Julie's. Pass a pleasant evening in Sam Slick's Lounge. Or after an a sauna. At Chateau Halifax, you'll find even recreational facilities at your command.

Chateau Halifax. It's the place to stay when you come to Halifax. For obvious reasons. For reservations call the Reserve-A-Room number below



lem is — and that the situation will probably get worse. Once people accept that, it's going to mean better reporting systems, more transition houses, more funds for hospitals and "expert" care, more child welfare and family care workers. More imaginative approaches, such as tackling family problems before they reach the crisis point and a parent swings at a child. Letting women know that they don't have to put up with beatings from their husbands. That there is help — for women like Cynthia.

Cynthia does part-time work at Bryony answering the "distress line." She is a good-looking woman - tall, slim, black hair, lively eyes. She doesn't look her age. She is a former resident, another "battered wife." For about 25 years, her husband mentally and physically abused her. As she talks, she remembers the taste of her own blood. "After a while you just stop being scared because you can't take being scared anymore. You get so scared you get numb. You keep on doing what has to be done you get meals, wash the clothes, you do what has to be done." She wasn't allowed out of the house; she had no tele-phone, no friends. "My mother always said, 'You get married for better or for worse. You make your bed — and you lie in it.'

One community's answer

Two years ago, Restigouche County in northwestern New Brunswick came up with a way of dealing with family violence unique in the Atlantic provinces. The brainchild of a large number of people, including the police, social service and mental health workers, and the church, Family Crisis Intervenors are teams of volunteer housewives, clergymen, ordinary people, who work with police units 24 hours a day, seven days a week, dealing directly with family crisis situations.

"To a policeman, getting involved in a family dispute is the most frustrating thing in the world," says S.Sgt. Roy Rushton of the Campbellton RCMP, who has been involved with Intervenors right from its inception. "We were always faced with trying to defuse a situation, but we never knew who to turn to. What was happening, from a police point of view, was that we were looking at agencies who did things — except when we wanted them. Not when families were in crisis." What he means is that crisis situations were developing when social agencies were closed for the day. Family crisis is not nine to five.

Gérald Daigle, program co-ordinator, chooses the Intervenors, trains them, and puts them out in the field. He explains how the program works: The police are called because a youth has just

tried to commit suicide. Or because a man is slapping his wife around or an elderly man is frightened by a drunken young son. The police go in first to settle things down, "so it's not too dangerous," Daigle says. Then he calls in an Intervenor. All Intervenors are equipped with a beeper. When the beeper goes off, the Intervenor calls a central number and is asked to report to a particular address. When he or she arrives, the police officer leaves. "The police don't have the time to sit down and talk things over," Daigle says, "but the Intervenors do." It's their job to try to sort out the problem and prevent another occurrence. With luck, the Intervenor becomes involved before there's violence, but sometimes it's

necessary to get a woman and her children out of the house and into temporary safe accommodation

rary, safe accommodation.

"It's definitely working," Daigle says. Many domestic situations have improved. The police are getting fewer calls from the same families. The back-up agencies are satisfied because there's less needless and time-consuming duplication of services. And S.Sgt. Rushton is happier, too. "Without the Intervenors at this point in time, I wouldn't have sufficient manpower to hold the line," he says.

The Intervenor program may not be the answer to family violence in every community, but it has worked well in this rural area of New Brunswick — and it costs very little money.

A word about Education



Education . .

bringing the basics of today's developing technology into the classroom . . . expanding horizons . . . preparing today's students for the change and the challenge of the 21st century.

It is a large task; awesome, in fact, when one considers these students will be among the leaders of this new century. A century of gallactic proportions, a century which will unfold the frontiers of space and time. An era to expand the imagination of the world's thinkers. Education . . . giving today's students the tools they will need for tomorrow.

A large task indeed, but teachers are doing it.

Something to think about

Atlantic Canada Teachers

NEW BRUNSWICK

And now, the hard part begins

As Richard Hatfield proved this fall, he's a whiz at winning elections. But, with New Brunswick facing its cruellest Christmas in decades, some of his biggest challenges are yet to come

e is a tall man, but the height emphasizes an ungainly posture, an odd stance of the hips. The high-beaked nose dominates a face tending to jowlishness. He sounds awkward in English, and speaks French more painfully than anyone since John Diefenbaker.

Richard Bennett Hatfield, 51, quirky and reclusive bachelor with a taste for handmade dolls and the urbane pleasures of New York, is, arguably, the ablest politician practising the art in Canada today. If they gave trophies for political successes, his Fredericton mantelpiece would bristle with them.

In 1969, then only 38, Richard Hatfield inherited a Progressive Conservative party in tatters from the quixotic leadership of J.C. (Charlie) Van Horne. Within 16 months, he had patched the rents and toppled the 10-year-old Liberal administration of Premier Louis Robichaud, installing the Tories for a run in office that, by next June, will be the longest ever for a New Brunswick government.

In politics however, old victories are as pointless as yesterday's headlines. The province Hatfield has ruled for a dozen years faces its cruellest Christmas in decades, and the premier faces some of the most daunting challenges of his career.

Hatfield achieved his unprecedented fourth straight win in the October election with a combination of glittering campaign promises and a stunning breakthrough in traditional Liberal country, the Acadian northeast. Now, with the spring sitting of the New Brunswick legislature looming, he has the difficult task of making good on \$70 million worth of promises, and of consolidating support among Acadian voters.

A grim economic outlook is Hatfield's worst enemy by far. A half-dozen trends are against him. There's the mounting cost of social programs, especially welfare. More than half of New Brunswick's sawmills are shut down, and the rest of the vast forest industry is in near-hibernation. Unemployment insurance benefits are running out for many of the jobless, and with a bleak prospect for winter employment, they are turning to welfare in ever-growing numbers. Government bail-outs of industry have saved some jobs, but the cost is adding up: Three million dollars for Heath Steel Mines at Newcastle, \$4 million for SMI Industries of Bathurst.

While expenses rise, government income is dropping. There's less coming in from resource royalties, sales and business taxes. The unemployed will send Fredericton less this year in income taxes. This year transfer payments from Ottawa, normally a third of the provincial budget, are less than the province had expected.

There are no offshore oil and gas fields to keep alive the faith of bankers who might lend the province enough money to make it over the rough spots of the next few seasons. Indeed, Hatfield's 1982 budget — which borrowed heavily, gambling on an economic upturn that has failed to materialize — must now be paid for.



Hatfield's fourth term may be his toughest

It will also take remarkable ingenuity to find money for the new provincewide kindergartens, libraries and community colleges promised to New Brunswickers in October.

Keeping his big-ticket promises is not Hatfield's only problem. He's also wondering how to cement his new relationship with New Brunswick's Acadians without leaving cracks in the old Tory foundations in English New Brunswick.

In the euphoric morning-after of victory, the October election returns were touted as a "historic" rupture of the traditional, anglo-Acadian dividing line of New Brunswick politics. In poll after poll, Acadian voters abandoned historic allegiances to return six Conservative candidates from once-safe Liberal ridings.

Hatfield has courted New Brunswick francophones ever since taking office. He implemented Louis Robichaud's Official Languages Act, fought passionately for the entrenchment of language rights in the Canadian constitution, gave Acadians separate French-language school boards and brick-and-mortar community centres in Fredericton and Saint John.

But in the end, it took the persuasive talents and tactical guile of Hatfield's fiery "French lieutenant," Edmundston MLA Jean-Maurice Simard, to win Acadia for the Tories. For that service, Hatfield owes Simard a considerable political debt, and Simard is likely to call in the IOUs in ways his premier may find difficult to meet.

Examples can be found in the 90-odd recommendations of the Poirier-Bastarache Report on the balance of official languages in New Brunswick, a 1,000-page document tabled earlier this year and promptly forgotten by most English-speaking New Brunswickers. But not by the Acadians.

Some Poirier-Bastarache recommendations require little more than juggling the roster of the civil service. But Simard, intimates say, will hold out for more: Preferential hiring to remedy the shortfall in top civil service jobs held by francophones, bilingual services in some New Brunswick municipalities, and an all-out assault on N.B. Power, among the last bastions of unilingual English operation in the provincial public sector.

Both economically and politically, Hatfield finds himself between the rocks and hard ground as he enters his fourth term. He must find the cash in a reduced treasury to fulfill new and expensive promises. The debt to Acadia must be paid, but not at the cost of old loyalties to English New Brunswick.

Some politicians might be tempted to quit as winners, leaving their successors to pick up the troublesome IOUs. But Hatfield likes his job, with all its headaches. He likes the perks, the power, the sheer nerve-wracking excitement of being at the top of the political pyramid. Business — which he was never much good at anyway — doesn't hold much attraction. Neither does a federal role as, at best, a junior member of the cabinet.

And besides, political survival is Hatfield's specialty. No Tory premier of New Brunswick had ever won three times running, until he did it. Then he won again, in a landslide. Four Liberal leaders have met him on the hustings and gone down

In 1986 or '87, when the fifth goes into the ring against the beak-nosed man with the deceptively awkward oratory, the Liberal leader will need to be both tough and lucky. Otherwise, he'll wind up as one more trophy on Hatfield's mantel.

— Chris Wood



NOVA SCOTIA

Launching the separatist ship

Don't write off Paul MacEwan's new party. Not yet. Its founder is dogged, hard-working and much admired in parts of Cape Breton. And support for the party's main plank comes from some surprising sources

n a chilly, wet afternoon in October, the half-empty church hall in Glace Bay, N.S., is almost silent, except for the screech of metal chairs sliding on the tiled floor. Paul MacEwan, Cape Breton Independent Labor MLA, opens the meeting by asking the 67 registered delegates to move to the front rows so he won't have to yell to be heard. As with everything else he asks of them this afternoon, they dutifully comply.

The meeting marks the founding of the Cape Breton Labor Party, Paul MacEwan's answer to his expulsion from the New Democratic Party in 1980. It's also the occasion to proclaim Nova Scotia's fourth political party in favor of separate provincial status for Cape Breton Island.

But people didn't come here to trumpet in a new era in Nova Scotia political history. They're here to support MacEwan, a man they think was unjustly kicked out of the NDP.

They approve fundamental policy guidelines without a word of discussion. They unanimously proclaim the creation of the party, without so much as a cheer. When MacEwan proposes that the party "favorably examine the re-establishment of our own Cape Breton government as a province of Canada," he mutters, "I hope we get some participation on this." His words echo across the hall. At the end, when he can no longer hold back a tirade against the NDP, the crowd finally cheers and goes home.

To be fair, not everyone thinks the Cape Breton Labor Party will fall flat on its face. MacEwan and his loyal supporters have signed up about 1,100 members at one dollar each in just a few months. Even his most disparaging opponents say he will knock on doors throughout Cape Breton until he can knock no longer. He never gives up, and in his 12 years as the NDP and Independent Labor MLA for Cape Breton Nova, he's made himself indispensable to his constituents. In the provincial election immediately after his expulsion, he polled 3,600 votes — a majority of about 1,400. The NDP candidate won 173 votes, and the party lost its other three Cape Breton seats. On top of that, he has made his party's principal goal the establishment of an independent province - an idea that is proposed periodically by politicians and community leaders of all stripes. So if a referendum is ever held, support could come from surprising quarters.

But would there ever have been a Cape Breton Labor Party if the NDP had not dumped him? And would MacEwan ever have pushed the NDP to support the separatist option?

"There's no question that the kickoff that got this party started was my expulsion by the Halifax establishment," Mac-Ewan says. "But people are going to see

that this is not a one-man band, that it is a team of Cape Bretoners who are sick and fed up with the raw deal that Cape Breton has been getting, not just by having their MLAs expelled fro 1 the NDP, but with the whole thing, with the steel plant, and the failure of the governments to really take us seriously and treat us equally with other Canadians."

MacEwan never championed provincial status for Cape Breton before. In his book on the Maritimes and Confederation, he viewed Cape Breton's impoverished position as part of the larger Maritime problem caused by Confed-

eration. He reasoned that once elected, the NDP would be able to overcome these chronic economic problems.

His supporters at the fall convention were not impassioned separatists, either. The day's keynote speaker, Russell Cunningham, former provincial CCF leader and honorary president of the Labor Party, said he was neither for nor against the idea, but figured it was worth a try.

Michael Blair Matheson, who ran and lost as an Independent Labor candidate in the last provincial election and is now the party vice-president, agreed the party will not rise or fall on the provincial status issue. In fact, before the Cape Breton party was started, Matheson had ordered membership cards for a Nova Scotia Labor Party.

In individual interviews, delegates expressed similar sentiments. One said, "It sounds like a good idea because it looks to me that everything goes to the mainland."

"It offers hope, a chance to work for what we want here so we can get our share," said another. "I've been thinking about separation for years. I don't know whether it's good or bad, but at least the people should have a chance to vote. They've been trying for 115 years and got nowhere, so what have we got to lose?"

Provincial status strikes a responsive chord even among MacEwan's political opponents. Dan Munroe, a former Glace Bay mayor and a defeated Liberal can-



MacEwan: He'll knock on doors till he can knock no longer

didate, raised the idea in the early Seventies and still thinks it's worth consideration. Ed Kyte, a longtime Liberal who's just retired as warden of Cape Breton County, says the concept is appealing and should be studied.

Still, MacEwan will have to deal with his personal image, created by the NDP blood-letting. In his own riding, he's admired. "Paul MacEwan is a great man," one woman says. "He's done a lot for my husband." Another observes: "Paul's the best man and he's a champion of the people." Whitfield Best, who's worked for MacEwan since his election in 1970 and now serves as party treasurer, calls him a "very special kind

of person."

But outside the riding, you hear a different story. Former NDP MLA James "Buddy" McEachern had defended his colleague against the party's charges because "everyone has the right to a defence," and lost his seat in the backlash. During MacEwan's years as an NDP MLA, McEachern says, "the party was in continuous turmoil" over his behavior and his proposals. "His problem is he overkills; he doesn't know when to stop."

The party did its best to discredit MacEwan. Officially, it expelled him because he "acted contrary to the principles and constitution of the Nova Scotia NDP." The NDP levelled six charges against him, including "repeated intolerance towards other views and other individuals in the party," and engaging in "acute, and often protracted vendettas and harassment against individuals and groups within the party."

acEwan's biggest indiscretion came in 1979 when he wrote a strategy paper, for party consumption only, on the NDP's approach to the Nov. 3 Cape Breton County municipal election. The 11-page document outlined how the Liberals dominated the county council as well as the county administration, and how the NDP should replace county staff if their supporters gained control of the council. The document somehow found its way into the media before the election, helping to defeat the NDP candidates and greatly embarrassing the party.

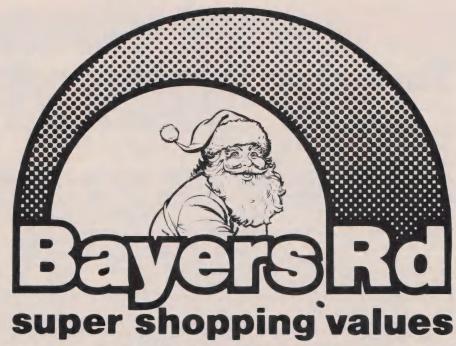
The NDP never publicly released all its evidence against MacEwan. So he still claims he was victimized by a Halifax clique, and he doesn't miss the opportunity to connect this issue with his new party's raison d'être. "Our target of attack is the exploitation of Cape Breton by Halifax and the Nova Scotian mainland, and the denial of equality to Cape Bretoners," he says. "My own expulsion is perhaps the most outrageous example, but it's not the only example. Certainly, the abrupt closure of the steel plant this

summer is another . . . "

Every other week in the Cape Breton Post, MacEwan announces another milestone in the level of party support. But he's made the mistake of making public the names of people he calls party organizers. One "organizer" says he made no such commitment and called party officials to tell them so. He was told it was a mistake. A second "organizer" says she bought a membership card, but was never asked to be an organizer and doesn't want to be one.

By the next provincial election, Mac-Ewan pledges to have candidates in all 11 Cape Breton seats so voters can have a choice. "I don't kid myself that this can be accomplished easily," he says. "But this would be a definitive solution, one that would give us equality with other Canadians once and for all."

-Glenn Wanamaker







House of Knives

Limited

"KNIFE SPECIALISTS" 455-7312





CATHEDRAL JEWELLERS

455-7954 (LOWER MALL) RESIDENTIAL COMMERCIAL

RETAIL WHOLESALE

Astra-Lite Studio

Lighting Showroom

455-5481

MARITIME BILLIARDS Co. Ltd. 454-8614 (LOWER MALL)



THE ANIMAL HOUSE

455-7774 (LOWER MALL)

Bayers Road Shopping Centre

7071 Bayers Road Halifax, Nova Scotia

Monday, Tuesday and Saturday: 9 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday: 9 a.m. 9:30 p.m.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

The Buchans Road hits a political roadblock

Linking Buchans up with the Trans-Canada Highway would help its staggering economy. But it would also bypass Premier Brian Peckford's constituency

or 10 years the people of Buchans, in Central Newfoundland, have faced the grim prospect of their town's death. The reason: Dwindling reserves of the precious lead and zinc ore which have kept the local economy alive for 52 years. In 1975, the American Smelting and Refining Company (ASARCO), which operates the mines, showed 580 on its payroll list. Today, the staff consists of 25 miners and 55 support staff searching for new ore deposits.

The chance that the mining operation could spring to life again seems slim in view of the depressed market for base metals. But one thing could almost certainly ensure the survival of a community that was once the mainstay of the Newfoundland economy: The comple-



Sean Power: "Benefits . . . justify the cost"

tion of a 20-km link between Buchans and the Southwest Brook Road which runs from the Trans-Canada Highway near Stephenville to Burgeo on the south coast, and upgrading of the 70 km of forest access road leading from Buchans to Portage Lake, near the Southwest Brook Road.

When Premier Frank Moores was in power, he promised to provide the road link for Buchans and even built 16 km of top-notch gravel highway near Portage Lake. The stretch of highway is still there, an incongruous sight in the middle of the wilderness, slowly washing away as the Peckford government refuses to finish the job Moores started.

Why the turnaround from one PC government to another? Keith Courage, assistant manager of the Buchans Community Mart, answers that question with one word: "Politics."

"Local opinion is that we will never have the road as long as Premier Peckford's district is Green Bay," says local schoolteacher Steve Mulrooney, who took a brief fling at provincial politics as a Liberal a few years ago.

"I'd hate to say the reason is because Peckford's district is Green Bay, but I'm left with no other conclusion," says Sean Power, co-ordinator for the Red Indian Lake Development Association and public relations person for the Buchans Action Committee.

Premier Peckford's own political riding of Green Bay sits along the existing section of the Trans-Canada Highway which the Buchans Road would bypass. "We are perhaps the only province with only one highway route across the province," Power says. "This road would establish a circle route, like the many we see in Nova Scotia."

The estimated \$50-million cost of finishing the road and upgrading it to highway standard is actually only about half what the provincial and federal governments plan to spend on improving the existing Trans-Canada just east of Corner Brook. "I think the benefits to the whole province would more than justify the cost," Power says. The proposed shortcut could increase traffic coming into the province through Port aux Basques and at least one trucking firm would save \$1 million a year if its trucks could take the scenic route along Lloyd's River and the Annieopsquotch Mountains.

Surprisingly, there has been little public opposition to the road from towns like Springdale, Deer Lake and Corner Brook. The town council of Baie Verte, 70 km off the Trans-Canada just west of Springdale, came out in support of the road. In fact, Power says, 75% of the municipalities in the province have spoken in favor of the new highway route.

Not everyone feels that the Buchans Road won't hurt places like Springdale, Deer Lake and Corner Brook. "A lot of people are convinced it [the road] will leave Corner Brook out in the cold," says former mayor Dr. Noel Murphy. "If you put that road through, a lot of traffic will be diverted... and [tourists] may never see major attractions like Gros Morne, Port au Choix and L'Anse-aux-Meadows."

The current mayor of Corner Brook, George Hutchings, doesn't agree. He says traffic coming into Corner Brook from the Buchans area might actually benefit the town. "We're big enough and confident enough to feel we can attract people coming off the ferry," says Hutchings. "Besides," he adds, "we have to look at what is good for the entire region."

Mayor Hedley Ball of Deer Lake calls

the idea of a Buchans Road ludicrous. "I think we should try to get the Trans-Canada brought up to standard first," he says. Ball feels his community would lose "hundreds of thousands of dollars" through the diversion of traffic.

To counter arguments like Ball's, Courage points to studies which indicate that at least 65% of trans-island traffic would have to use the existing route through Corner Brook and Deer Lake anyway and extra traffic into the province might more than compensate for any drop in traffic along the existing Trans-Canada. The route through Buchans would shave 130 km off the cross-island auto trip.

"Of course we are opposed to the idea of a Buchans Road," says Ball, "but we haven't taken a public stand. It would be great for Buchans, but the cost to tax-payers would be enormous. Perhaps when the oil comes ashore and we get our \$15-billion heritage fund like Alberta, we

might be able to do it."

The west coast town of Stephenville could gain from a highway route through Buchans and the Harmon Corporation of Stephenville has been pressuring the Newfoundland government to finish the road. Abitibi-Price, owners of the Stephenville paper mill, reportedly want the government to build a forest access road from the Southwest Brook Road north toward Buchans in order to reach timber stands. The road would complete the basic link between Buchans and the Southwest Brook Road. But some reports say that the Newfoundland government diverted Stephenville's interest in the Buchans Road by dangling other financial carrots in front of Abitibi-Price and the Harmon Corporation. Keith Courage says the provincial government won't even put the road on its list of proposals for federal

Apart from the cost of the road, the Peckford government says it fears its environmental impact. It's concerned that the highway would interfere with migration of caribou, although studies show that most of the caribou in that area cross the existing highway leading to Burgeo.

A few years ago, the PC government even refused to complete 10 km of road which would have linked Buchans to the Hinds Lake Power Project and opened up jobs for unemployed miners. "For 52 years Buchans was a thriving community when much of Newfoundland was on the rocks," Sean Power says. "We feel something should be done to help Buchans now that its economy is on the rocks. The road link may come eventually, but too late to save Buchans."

- Calvin Coish

Bacardi rum. Sip it before you add the gingerale.



See? Bacardi is beautiful by itself. Clean. Light. Smooth-tasting. That's why it goes so smoothly with so many mixers. So pour on the ginger ale, the juice, the cola or the lemon-lime. When you start it with Bacardi, you can bet you'll enjoy it. For a good food and drink recipe booklet, write FBM Distillery Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 368, Brampton, Ontario L6V2L3.

Get to know the real taste of Bacardi rum.

BACARDI RUM(S) PRODUCED BY SPECIAL AUTHORITY AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. BACARDI AND BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS
OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. BOTTLED BY FBM DISTILLERY CO. LTD., CANADA.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

The Island's shy tycoon

Most Islanders know almost nothing about Bernard Dale. But it would be hard to miss the monuments to free enterprise he's created shopping malls, apartment buildings, hotels and now, a \$29-million convention centre

ernard Dale, 61, is at the peak of his career as a developer, but in Prince Edward Island, he remains an enigma. He's a reclusive figure, a man who rarely gives interviews, avoids photographers, shuns public attention. "If I met Bernard Dale on the street, I don't know whether I'd recognize him," says George MacDonald, a Charlottetown alderman who's chairman of the city's planing and advisory board. "You'd never

pick him out of the crowd."

Yet there's nothing low key about the way the Czech-born Dale operates as a business man. The gospel according to Dale is a litany of multimillion-dollar projects, high financial risks and an unflagging belief in private enterprise. He's been making believers out of Islanders from the time he built his first office building in Charlottetown. Last year, work began on his \$29-million hotel-convention centre on the city's waterfront — a complex that could drastically change the tourism trade in Charlottetown. It will include a \$13-million, 200-room hotel and a \$15.2-million convention centre with shops, office space and facilities for conventions of more than 1,500 people. It was stalled in October with financing troubles, but this fall, it was expected to be completed in 1983, a year before the much delayed Department of Veterans Affairs building. "There is no substitute for the individual entrepreneur," Dale maintains.

The Dale Corporation assets are worth more than \$100 million. But the entire business is run out of a small, tworoom office in downtown Charlottetown. The office is so undistinguished that visiting businessmen often wander into adjoining stores trying to locate the Dale empire. Inside the office, a staff of three, including Dale's 35-year-old son, Peter, manage the corporation's assets, which include properties in Halifax, Atlanta, Ga.,

Ottawa, and Orlando, Fla.

Dale works in a separate, bare room with only a desk. He keeps most of his affairs in his head, dislikes business formality and seldom wears a suit and tie to work. When construction began on the waterfront complex in the summer of 1981, he would walk down to the site each morning with a hardhat to personally check the progress.

Dale first arrived on the Island while serving with the Royal Air Force in Summerside during the Second World War. He married an Island woman and worked briefly for the United Nations as an adviser after the war before settling in Charlottetown and setting his mind to small developments.

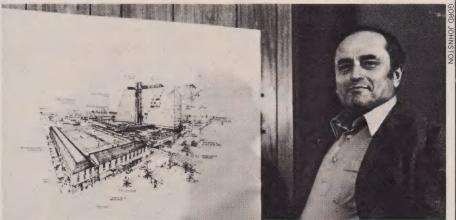
He began renovating small apartment buildings in Charlottetown during the Sixties and Seventies and he even became involved with a tourist attraction called "Africa World," a small hut near Charlottetown filled with authentic Afri-

He built his first noteworthy project in the mid-Seventies — a five-storey office building in downtown Charlottetown.

and another \$3.8 million in provincial funds will go toward the capital cost of the 277,000-square-foot complex. However, Dale insists that taxpayers won't have to subsidize operating costs.

Some Islanders are less than enchanted with Dale's approach to development, and with the convention centre in particular. Bruce MacIsaac was one of two Charlottetown aldermen who voted against the centre proposal in the spring of 1981 because there were simply "too many unknowns," including the problem of financing. MacIsaac also points out that it was a firm hired by the Dale Corp. that did the feasibility study for the centre. "It was an insult," he says. "I wanted to see more guarantees before it was built, and an assurance that Dale would be able to proceed without problems.

Other critics point out that P.E.I. will have a tough time competing for conventions with cities such as New York and Montreal, especially at a time when business seems to be dropping off. "Is this the time to get involved in something we know nothing about?" MacIsaac wonders. Dale has, however, managed to



Dale with convention centre sketch: High risks are his trademark

Dale says he financed his early projects through savings and high-interest bank loans, but the office building was his first major gamble. "We did not have a single tenant when we started construction, Dale says. "It was a 100% speculation

project.

Speculation and risk have since become the trademarks of his developments. He's built three major Charlottetownarea malls, hotels, apartment buildings. He speaks with pride of the "innovative" aspects of his achievements. "I suppose that's what distinguishes me from other developers," he says. Once, for instance, he had the idea of building a luxurious health spa at the Charlottetown Mall. People told him he was crazy. He built it anyway and today it's a success.

Innovation is a word which Dale also used in connection with the convention centre. Under the funding mechanism for the project, \$3.8 million in federal funds gain the confidence of Hilton Canada, which will manage the facility, Hilton's first venture in Atlantic Canada. Dale Corp. sewed up the convention package by buying and refurbishing the venerable Charlottetown Hotel, which will also be managed by Hilton.

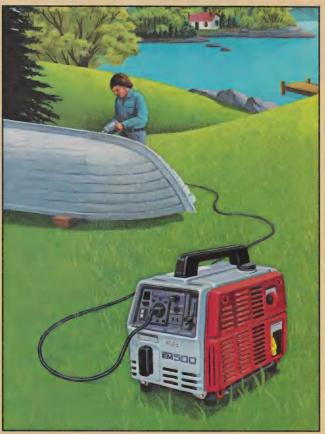
Dale's latest schemes include the fabled P.E.I.-to-New Brunswick causeway, a project the feds once considered but shelved in the Sixties. Late last summer, Dale submitted a proposal to Transport Canada asking for \$1.5 to \$3 million to update a 15-year-old feasibility study of the proposed link, this time as a pri-

vate project.

If that idea ever got off the ground, the corporation would be getting involved in a \$500-million megaproject, which undoubtedly would have critics, skeptics and financial obstacles galore. And Dale would probably continue to ignore them all, in his patented manner.

Andrew Mahon





POWERFUL ASSISTANCE TO THROW SNOW AND MAKE THINGS GO.

Honda's snowthrowers and generators pack a powerful punch.

Because at the heart of every one, there's a tough and trusty four-stroke engine. It runs on regular gas. So it runs clean. And it runs far. (You don't need to mix in oil, either.)

Our snowthrowers really blow up a storm. Because they're lightweight, they're a snap to handle. And they're easy to store, too.

Our hard-working generators pump out AC or DC power to run a string of lights at the campsite. Or most power tools. Or even charge your battery.

So if you're looking for some powerful assistance, your local Honda dealer's the man to talk to.

He can help you choose the right models to match your needs.

You'll find they're powerfully effective in getting things on the go. And getting things cleared away.

For the dealer nearest you, call 1-800-268-5771. In B.C. 112-800-268-5771.

IT'S A HONDA

WILL YOUR BANKER,



BROKER OR TRUST COMPANY MAKE HOUSE CALLS?

ill they help you fight inflation in your family room? Talk tax planning over coffee?
Frankly, with gasoline at about 50¢ a litre, we don't think driving all over town to get financial advice makes any sense.

Nor does lining up during your lunch hour. Or discussing your money on the phone with someone you've never even seen.

That's why your Investors advisor comes to you.

You can talk to your Investors advisor wherever you want. At home. At the office. And he doesn't keep banker's hours. He keeps yours.

He can put at your fingertips the widest range of financial services available under one roof. Or in one briefcase.

Nine investment funds, all with

personal financial blueprint. One which lets you choose the services that are best for you.

Not just to stay ahead of inflation and the tax bite, but to help you start enjoying the things you've always wanted.

Next time you're driving somewhere for financial advice, remember: your Investors advisor has more services under one roof than where you're going now.

And he'll buy his own gas.

To contact an Investors advisor,
just look in the phone book under
"Investors". Or write our Head Office:
Investors Syndicate Limited,
280 Broadway, Winnipeg,
Manitoba R3C 3B6.

PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE



written, comprehen-

sive

NOT ONLY WILL
WE HELP PLAN
YOUR FINANCIAL
FUTURE, BUT
WE'LL COME TO
YOU TO DO IT."

COVER STORY

The fiery baptism of Alexa

As leader of Nova Scotia's New Democratic Party, her début in the last session of the provincial legislature was noisy and newsworthy. Now comes the un-newsworthy part: Making her party a contender which, some observers believe, could form a provincial government within the next 10 years

By Harry Bruce lexa McDonough, 38, ex-social worker, mother of two, wife of one, chosen representative of 3,866 voters in Halifax-Chebucto, chief of a movement (NDP) that attracted 77,111 votes across Nova Scotia on Oct. 6, 1981, and the first woman leader of any major Canadian party ever to get herself elected, was nevertheless utterly alone

when she took her seat in the provincial legislature. She was alone among 51 political enemies, all men. Their attitude toward her ranged from bemused tolerance for "an intelligent gal" to the undisguised hatred of Paul Mac-Ewan. He is the member from Cape Breton Nova. Her party had expelled him. She had approved his expulsion. Now he behaved in the legislature as though he believed his highest duty was to vilify her family till she wept in public. She didn't. She laughed at him, and she attacked.

First, she attacked the Tory government. She flew into Premier John Buchanan not only for uttering "doubletalk" that was undermining the Sydney steel plant but also for his "unholy engagement of convenience" with Trudeau on "the ruinous restraint program." She lambasted Labor Minister Jack MacIsaac for "his hypocritical and patronizing [Labor Day] message to working people," tens of thousands of whom could not find work. She ripped Attorney General Harry How for

George Henley smeared environmentalists who opposed herbicide spraying as "subversive elements," she denounced his "intemperate, ill-considered and idiotic" comments. She was no kinder to Liberals. Choosing between Grits and Tories was choosing between "yellow fever and smallpox.

Though her phrasing was unusually zesty, her message was not exceptional for an NDP leader. But she went further.

She questioned the integrity, sincerity, and intelligence of the men in the legislature. Outside the House she sometimes gave the impression that, inside the House, she was alone in a cageful of baboons, buffoons and rascals. For most MLAs (Members of the Legislative Assembly), the session was "a lark." Watching the legislature was like "watching fake wrestling." During con-

"cutting out the heart of the legal aid system." When Lands and Forests Minister "Her idea of a good time...is to go to an NDP picnic"

sideration of a bill to create school boards, members of the law amendments committee were "inattentive and rude," like naughty schoolboys. Many politicians, she suspected, "do not really believe in the democratic process." Was it any wonder then that the public believed politicians used their influence to line their own pockets? "She carefully slipped off her gloves in a ladylike fashion and tossed a few penetrating brickbats at politicians," Hugh Townsend wrote for the Halifax Herald. But the boys in the legislature saw nothing either careful or ladylike in Alexa's knuckle-

Many saw only treachery, and some dumped on the rookie with a vehemence that left her burning, trembling, bewildered, and therefore ashamed. She felt they were treating her not just as an enemy but also as a joke, and as "an unwelcome intrusion in a male bastion." Later, she regretted her harshness, not because of the retaliation but because she'd wounded certain good men who felt they were doing a good job. Was she totally friendless? "I have to say, in fairness," she replies, "that at the outset I'd have been hard to befriend." Don Mac-Donald, legislative reporter for the Halifax *Herald*, says, "She refused to have anything to do with the old-boys' club down there." One thing the club can do

is ease the way for approval of House orders for information. During the session, which lasted from February to June, Alexa says her nemesis Paul MacEwan got 25 orders approved. She got six.

To make matters worse, she was uncertain of House rules and procedures. To make matters worse still, the fact that the NDP had failed to elect other members meant that, no matter what those 77,111 NDP voters around the province felt, she had no status in the legislature as the leader of a party. She therefore did not enjoy certain rights to speak at certain times, "and I was at the whim of the Speaker [Arthur Donahoe, a Tory]. He reneged on commitments to me. I felt duped." But to make matters worst of all, there was Paul MacEwan. "It literally makes me sick to my stomach," she says, "to talk about the member for Cape Breton Nova.'

The MacEwan vendetta against Alexa Shaw McDonough and other Shaws is, in some respects, a peculiarly smelly expression of ancient Cape Breton hostility towards Halifax. Put simply, Mac-Ewan argues that while he and

former NDP leader Jeremy Akerman represented horny-handed Cape Breton workers, begrimed with honest soot, the Shaws belonged to a Halifax gang of sissy intellectuals, soft professors and fat cats with moist palms who, despite their effeteness, were so fiendishly insidious that they finally broke the will of the heroic Akerman. Akerman quit the leadership in 1980, and accepted a Tory offer of a well-paid job in the provincial bureaucracy. Then the NDP expelled the outraged MacEwan for sins that included branding NDP workers as "Trotskyites"; and Alexa, after refusing to apologize for her family's wealth, won the party leadership. MacEwan has since busied himself organizing the Cape Breton Labor Party, (see Nova Scotia, page 14) which threatens NDP solidarity in Cape Breton, and harassing the Shaws not only in curious letters to Alexa and others but also in the legislature. Alexa's supporters hope that, in time, the relentless viciousness of his assault will nauseate even his own constituency, but so far his populist charisma in Cape Breton Nova has been undeniable. Meanwhile, though Alexa's composure under MacEwan's attack has impressed even a few MLAs, nothing in her frantic schedule has been harder to bear than his crusade of insults.

She already abhorred Tory "gamesmanship" - the useless "fed-bashing" that ate up the debating time the House should have spent on problems within Nova Scotia's jurisdiction. Now, as the Tories allowed MacEwan to attack her family, she endured gamesmanship with a vengeance. Displaying a fat file folder bearing the sensational label "\$hah\$, MacEwan charged that her brother, Robbie Shaw, a Liberal who'd worked for former premier Gerald Regan, had used his Grit connections in 1975 to make an improper profit on the sale of Shawowned land to the Nova Sotia Housing Commission. Robbie Shaw flatly denied the charge, and MacEwan failed to prove it. But he was at least ingenuous about his motives: "It stands to reason that after what they did to me [presumably his expulsion from the NDP], I would not stand idly by."

The sleaziest aspect of the affair was Tory complicity in MacEwan's verbal mugging. The longer he lashed Shaws, the more likely he'd embarrass Liberals, and the less likely anyone would get floor time to attack the government on grounds the province's credit rating had dropped. Even Fraser Mooney, a veteran Grit who resented Alexa's sneering at MLAs, says, "She's right on that score. The Tories let him [MacEwan] go on ad nauseum without any foundation to it [MacEwan's charge]. It was totally unfair, the most flagrant abuse of the committee system I ever saw."

The session, for Alexa, was a bap-

tism of fire. But she learns. She endures. She builds. She plans, counsels, administrates, travels, dots *i*'s, crosses *t*'s, makes staff and friends fear she'll "burn herself out." That, says her brother, Robbie, she'll never do. Why? Well, you don't burn yourself out doing what you love doing. Politics, he says, "has to be not just your work but what you relax at, and that's how it is for her. Her idea of relaxation is to go home and work like hell. Her idea of a good time on the weekend is to go to an NDP picnic." She

has the classic Politician's Energy, the

classic politician's knack of catnapping

and then charging into another obligation. Valerie O'Brien, a close friend, has told her, "Gee, it's nice of you to come over here for dinner and fall asleep." When Alexa wakes, she talks politics. It's her life. She adores canvassing.

No NDP spokesman would breathe a public word against any new NDP leader but, even given that, the apparent loyalty and cheerfulness of Alexa's staff (on the fifth floor of a Barrington Street building in which the elevator is dead), the passion with which NDP officers sing her praises around the province, the reputation she enjoys on the NDP federal council all suggest that the real story of Alexa Shaw McDonough lies not in her unhappy but newsworthy time in the legislature but, rather, in her happy but unnewsworthy time in quietly making the NDP a contender in the next election.

Despite losses in Cape Breton — which she partly attributes to "the Akerman-defection-and-MacEwan-ex-

The question always comes up: Alexa, how on earth do you run a political party and at the same time do your duty to your husband and two boys? The McDonoughs live in a rangy, wooden house in a leafy, affluent neighborhood. They're near the Waegwoltic Club, and manage a bit of tennis. Sometimes they escape to the South Shore cottage they share with friends and relatives. It is not listed under their name. Peter McDonough is a funny, sunny man. He also happens to be among the smarter and busier lawyers in Halifax, and once worked on assorted campaigns for the Liberals. His firm, he says, "is not exactly a hotbed of NDPism. I have to be somewhat apolitical, but you know I've learned to admire what I've been exposed to in the NDP. They're in it because they believe in it, not because they expect something out of it. After all, there aren't too many NDP senators, are there?"



Socialist pioneer Tommy Douglas is an old family friend

pulsion," as though they were a single phenomenon, describable in one swift phrase — the NDP in 1981, under her leadership, won a higher proportion of the Nova Scotia vote (18%) than ever before. Moreover, in Halifax-Dartmouth they not only scored their first mainland victory (hers) but also finished neck-andneck with the Liberals at roughly 27%. 'I think they [the NDP] have arrived,' Al Hollingsworth said in the Halifax Daily News. "They'll form a government within eight years." It is possible to believe that the cause of some of her misery in the legislature stemmed from a recognition among Grits and Tories that this unsettling woman — with her strong, even features and blue eyes that glitter with force and intelligence — was potentially dangerous. About such matters, politicians are not stupid.

He had his schedule. She had hers. They loved their boys. They hired a cleaning woman to come in once a week, and a girl student to live in a downstairs apartment and, when neither parent could get home, to fix food for the boys. Friends and relatives helped, too. Peter and Alexa, both under pressure, could rely on what's sometimes called "the extended family." And as Peter says, "The kids and I got to know a lot of fast-food outlets." Alexa's career forced him to change some of his habits but, "Boy, it's been fascinating. Lots of times it's been a pain in the arse, too, but there's hardly been a dull moment."

For much of Alexa's life an invisible hound of destiny loped along behind her. He didn't catch her till her mid-30s, but then she knew exactly what to do: Fight

COVER

for the New Democratic Party. "I will be committed from now until the day I die to try to see that the NDP gets into power in this province," she said on Oct. 6, 1981. That was the day that, in Halifax-Chebucto, she flabbergasted pundits by whupping politically grizzled vets from the old-line parties. The real battle was supposed to be between the Grit incumbent, Walter "Goog" Fitzgerald, and onetime Tory MLA, Donald "Dugger" McNeil. Dugger might beat him, Goog conceded, but never Alexa. She beat Dugger by roughly 500 votes and Goog by roughly 1,500.

The hound was a creature of social commitment, Christian conscience and political idealism, and her family had bred him. Nova Scotians like to say family matters more to them than it does to other Canadians, and Alexa is walking, talking (and sometimes scolding and preaching) proof of the theory. "A hundred little things make likenesses in brethren born," Euripides The McDonoughs with sons Justin (left) and Travis

wrote, "and show the father's blood." And the grandfather's. Alexa's grandfather Shaw — builder of the brick industry that would ultimately leave her rich enough to attract inaccurate jeers of "millionaire socialist" - was, by the standards of capitalists of his time, a spectacularly progressive, idealistic, and brotherly industrialist.



L.E. Shaw was a prominent Tory who couldn't stomach Tories. He furiously quit the party in 1933 because the Tory government was scheming "to disenfranchise about one third of the Liberals." He pioneered decent working hours and assorted benefits for his workmen; and in a speech in 1946 that must surely have disgusted more reactionary entrepreneurs, he joyfully welcomed the birth of a union. He told his men, "You are, in this union, planting a tree." He believed in "a deep devotion to a great cause reaching out to the common people, a better service for a better home in a better world — a [Wendell] Wilkie 'one world!' '' Alexa was two years old.

By then, the senior Shaws and the junior Shaws -Alexa, her parents and her brother, Robbie - lived two doors apart in decidedly comfortable houses, made of Shaw bricks, on Armview Avenue, Halifax. The family was tight, loving, protective, and the grandfather, Robbie remembers, was "the father of our church [First Baptist].' He was gentle but imposing, humble but forceful. His personality, Robbie recalls, was "all-pervasive in a room," and Alexa says, "He was a real influence on our development." Meanwhile, her father, Lloyd, had plunged heart-and-soul into the cause

of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF); her mother had also hurled herself into the good works of the CCF; and all the giants of Canadian socialism came to the house.

Even before Alexa's birth, J.S. Woodsworth, Methodist clergyman and founding saint of the CCF, had visited the Shaws. Now, in her childhood, came







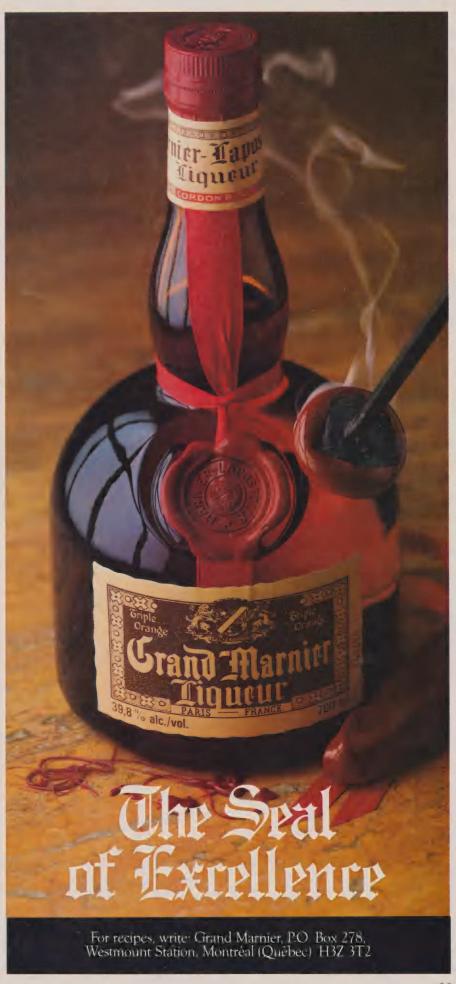
She learns, endures, builds, plans, counsels, administrates, travels. Friends fear she'll burn herself out

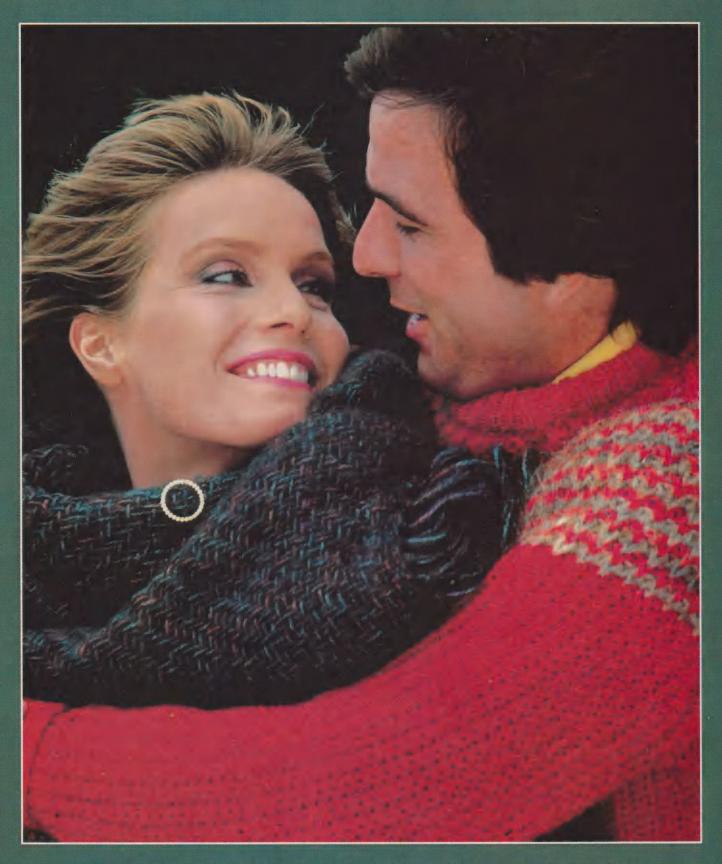
M.J. Coldwell, the Saskatchewan schoolteacher who'd succeeded Woodsworth as Federal leader; T.C. Douglas, the bantamweight Baptist minister who, in Saskatchewan, had formed the first socialist government in North America, and would become the first federal leader of the NDP; and David Lewis, the Jewish labor lawyer who was then national secretary of the CCF and would, after taking over from Douglas as the leader of Canadian socialism, lash "corporate welfare bums."

"There's no question," Robbie says, "that the highlights of my childhood, and Alexa's, were political happenings." At four, when his sense of ceremony was stronger than his political acumen, he celebrated M.J. Coldwell's arrival at the house by playing a record of "The Starspangled Banner." While a guest of the Shaws, Tommy Douglas enjoyed the first sail of his life, aboard a Bluenose-class sloop. The kid at the helm was Alexa.

"There were just constant political comings and goings," Robbie says, "and Alexa and I spent a lot of time down at the CCF headquarters in the old Octagon Building [in downtown Halifax]." Moreover, when Lloyd Shaw ran federally he took his children door-to-door, often in slums, and, "he was obviously doing this so the experience would make an impression on us." One impression they got was that, among Canadian socialists, hope had to spring eternal. Lloyd ran federally three times when his kids were young, and never won. The family glumly sat round the radio on election nights and, in his words, "of course the results were terrible. I think that was hard on the children. We worried about their reaction." And the children worried about his. Alexa: "I remember the utter demoralization of my parents and







"Remember when I said stick with me kid & you'll be wearing diamonds"?



Photo is enlarged for detail. Prices start at \$139. See the Romance of Diamonds Collection at the A.I. Tower fine jewellery store

nearest you.

COVER STORY

their friends, election after election after election."

Lloyd and Jean Shaw did not brainwash their children with CCF ideology. "In fact," he says, "we leaned over backwards not to indoctrinate them." A tall, trim, silver-haired gent, he may be the most naturally courtly businessman in Nova Scotia. "I guess we succeeded," he added a trifle ruefully. "Robbie [who became principal secretary to then Premier Gerald Regan] supported the Liberals before he finished high school, and Alexa leaned in that direction, too. If the Shaws taught them, they did so by example, and the lesson was that nothing was more honorable than to try to improve society through democratic politics. But never in Alexa's most farfetched dreams did she see herself as a future politician. She was a child of the Fifties, and "the traditional sex stereotypes operated among my family and friends.'

She was a good little girl. She went to Queen Elizabeth High School, First Baptist Church, church camps, and mock parliaments for high-school kids at Mount Allison University. Through the church, she did certain good works. She helped set up day-care for blacks. She dabbled in ballet. She drifted through high school, like thousands of others. One day she'd be a social worker which, she says, "is what all good girls

from a sexist society do."

But her parents knew something about her, and it inspired them to send her away. "Whenever something came up in a family discussion that didn't make sense, she'd invariably put her finger right on it," Lloyd says. "She did this even when she was only three and four. It absolutely amazed us, but we never let on....She had the intellect." They figured she needed a stiffer challenge than the Halifax school system offered, and sent her to Solebury, a private school in Pennsylvania, to get her Grade 12. Easton "Pops" Shaw ran Solebury. A distant relative of Lloyd's (family again), he was a multilingual teacher of such astounding intellect he'd memorized not only entire plays by Shakespeare but also entire novels by Dickens. "This was the early Sixties," Alexa says. "I'd come from a very, very protective environment, and this was a very, very Free School kind of environment. At first, I was a basket case. I was shell-shocked. The only way I could cope was to study and study and study." She achieved the highest academic record in Solebury history. It was there, her father says, that she learned French, and "to write, and think and study." It was also there that she first proved how much she could accomplish whenever she felt she had no choice but to do her damndest. Two decades later, she would prove the same thing to Goog and Dugger.

But the hound of commitment still

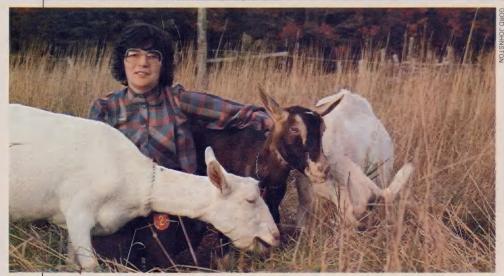
had much catching up to do. Alexa went to Queen's University for a while, partly because her mother was a MacKinnon (family yet again). The MacKinnons came from East Lake Ainslie in Cape Breton, and Alexa's maternal grandfather, Dr. D.L. MacKinnon, was one of no less than eight brothers who'd excelled at Queen's. "Doctor Dan," founder of the first general hospital in Truro, N.S., was a CCF sympathizer; and in a town where parents told their children that CCF stood for Communists Conquer Freedom, that made him something of a maverick. (No one can say that Alexa did not come by her socialist leanings honestly.) She finished her undergraduate education at Dalhousie University, earned a master's degree at the Maritime School of Social Work, became a social worker in her home town, then a teacher of future social workers. In all that time, however, she was "politicized" only once, only briefly, only disappointingly.

n the far-off time when so many otherwise intelligent Canadians believed that Participatory Democracy and The Just Society were something more than just Liberal slogans, she joined other young idealists to help concoct the 'social policy" for the provincial Liberals in the campaign that made Gerald Regan the premier. The Liberal government's subsequent "abandonment" of the social policy was as disillusioning for her as the Conservatives' "Franchise Scandal" had been for her grandfather almost 40 years before. Idealism betrayed. Looking back, she says, "I am appalled by my naiveté." Another thing that appalled her was "that the Trudeau government could make a conscious choice to combat inflation by creating

unemployment.'

By the late Seventies, she was NDP to the core of her being. The hound had caught up. In two federal elections, she ran flat out against the likes of George Cooper, a Tory, and a law partner of her husband; Brian Flemming, a Liberal who'd worked on Trudeau's staff in Ottawa; and the former premier and future federal cabinet minister, Gerald Regan. Like her father, she lost. The second time she lost she dejectedly allowed, "I'm sick and tired of the moral victories we always talk about when we lose." Like her father, she tried again, and by the winter of 1982 she was delivering her maiden speech to the legislature. She remembered the man in the sailboat, little Tommy Douglas, and she remembered something he'd said: "But I am prejudiced beyond debate in favor of my right to choose which side shall feel the stubborn ounces of my weight." Alexa Shaw Mc-Donough will make Nova Scotia feel the stubborn ounces of her weight. You'll see.

FOLKS



Lister and part of herd: A hobby that snowballed

hen veterinarians Claudia and David Lister moved to Prince Edward Island from Ontario seven years ago, their main concern was other people's animals. Now Claudia looks after a herd of 35 dairy goats, in addition to caring for the Listers' three small daughters and working two days a week at the Montague Veterinary Clinic. "Goats were a hobby that snowballed," Claudia says. "We had the product, and we had to find a market for it." A Charlottetown dairy has been buying, processing and distributing goats' milk from the Listers and other Island shippers for about two years. Claudia, the Island's biggest goats' milk shipper and president of the P.E.I. Dairy Goat Association, says some people prefer goats' milk, or are allergic to cows' milk. Several Maritime hospitals, including Halifax's Izaac Walton Killam Hospital for Children, are buying goats' milk now that it's available in processed form. The Listers' herd and its breeding program are mainly Claudia's responsibility, although David shares milking chores morning and evening. Often, the children come along, too. "They love the barn," Claudia says. Partly as a result of her work as president of the organization, the Island goat association is making a name for itself. This fall, it was host for a national goat show, and it has received several Agriculture Canada grants to help upgrade breeding stock through artificial insemination, and to extend the season when goats' milk is available.

or 48 years, **Don Gray**, the travelling grocer of Kings County, N.B., has been supplying rural families with everything from candy to detergent during weekly, door-to-door visits in his small, covered truck. "Now that I'm over the hill, I like it better than I did years ago," says Gray, 66, who started peddling as a teen-ager in the early Thirties. With the

backing of a family friend who supplied a side of beef, Gray bought a Model-T car on time for \$22.50 and converted it into a truck, his first store on wheels. He fought primitive road conditions, carrying an axe and shovel to clear a route through the ice and snow in winter and earned a reputation for dependability, arriving at customers' homes with clockwork regularity. Even a heart attack last July interrupted his schedule only temporarily. After seven weeks, the spirited Gray was on the road again. But he has had to make changes, halving his customer load to 60 regulars, most of them elderly, and retiring the last of his grocery trucks, a 1975 International. Now customers phone orders to his Midland home, and he delivers in the family van. Gray intends to keep working as long as his service is needed. "I'll keep going as long as I can drive the van," he says. "I don't believe in lying around."

ackie Barkley, Debby Jones, and Delvina and Kim Bernard almost ap-

peared on CBC radio in Halifax without a name for their folk and gospel-singing group. A CBC producer wondered what to call them for the moment - and the name stuck. For the Moment "overlaps every category" of music, says Delvina, who, like the other members, attends university in Halifax. Musically, their backgrounds range from pop to choir singing but they share similar political concerns. "If a song is worth singing," Debby says, "it should have a message." In their songs — some that they wrote themselves — they oppose apartheid in South Africa, human rights violations, discrimination against women. "I don't believe you are going to change people that much," Debby explains, "but making a comment is a start." And audiences seem to like their style. "We suddenly got popular," Delvina says. They've been appearing at concerts regularly in the Halifax area, dressed in red-and-grey outfits. "We'd like it to put us through university," Debby says. "That's kind of hard," Delvina adds, laughing, "when they're all benefit concerts."

lautist Robert Aitken, 43, has pursued his musical interests from Sweden and Thailand to Cuba and Japan. In fact, the Kentville, N.S., native spends about two-thirds of the year away from his Toronto base, giving 75 to 100 concerts annually in contemporary and classical music around the world. As well as teaching master classes in flute, Aitken has cut about 25 solo albums and produced a series of chamber music for CBC radio. This fall, the Performing Rights Organization of Canada (a nonprofit group recognizing Canadian composers and lyricists) paid him a special tribute, presenting him with an award "for outstanding contribution to the international music scene." Aitken, cofounder and music director of New Music Concerts, has brought top-calibre international musicians to Toronto for



Kim Bernard, Barkley, Jones, Delvina Bernard: Songs worth singing

the past 12 seasons. He says classical music is becoming more accepted. "It's a more enlightened public than we'd like to believe," he says. "The flute is a salable commodity these days." Aitken, who began playing the flute at age seven, was principal flute with the Vancouver Symphony at 19. His advice to aspiring flautists is: "Begin as early as you can hold the instrument. The body has to grow with it." And for the really enthusiastic, he adds, "You should practise four hours every day."

The subject is orchids. And the somewhat odd location for one of Canada's newest periodicals is St. John's, Nfld. Peter Bell and Charlotte McNee Bell are co-publishers of the Canadian Orchid Journal, whose sixth issue is fresh from the printer's. Peter Bell, 64, an artist and outspoken art critic, is well known locally for his geodesic dome home and a tropical greenhouse he's maintained for seven vears in a second, attached dome. Friends visiting the Bells can flee from the chilly fog of Newfoundland winters to a world of passion flowers, bamboo, a goldfish pond and, of course, orchids. Bell's interest in the complex plants developed during years of teaching in South Africa. In 1978, he and Charlotte, an artist and set designer, set up Dome Orchids to raise, sell and ship orchid seedlings. A third geodesic dome now houses thousands of seedlings. A mimeographed newsletter to customers grew into the Canadian Orchid Journal in 1981. "It really wasn't our idea at all," Bell says, "but our customers kept telling us that's what we should do." An Alberta orchid society sponsored production of the first issue cover, while acquaintances — charmed by the looniness of such a magazine coming from The Rock — sponsored the pages. Now, although financing remains shaky, there are international advertisers and subscribers, bilingual articles and illustrations ranging from wood engravings to color photos of opulent blooms. For the general reader, the magazine with its humor and travelogue articles, can be



Peter and Charlotte Bell: Orchids from The Rock

surprisingly entertaining. And for those interested in technical questions of orchid cultivation in Canada, Bell proclaims: "The problems of the frozen orchidist will be ours."

or 30 years, Harry Herbert of Penobsquis, N.B., toured the world as a professional magician and escape artist. Once, he even held the world's record time for getting out of a straitjacket. Today, the 49-year-old Herbert is up to a new trick: Turning out big wooden butterflies that people buy and tack on the sides of their homes. In fact, the butterfly business has become such a bonanza that Herbert and his wife, Anne, regularly employ five people to make and paint the bright-colored critters. "We almost produce as many as real butterflies do themselves," he says. No net is required, either, to snag the swarm of tourists who come by the Herberts' Magic Lantern gift shop on the Trans-Canada Highway 13 km east of Sussex and plunk down \$24.95 for each butterfly pair. Between May and July this year, the Herberts sold 3,000 sets; after that they simply lost count. "We even had one woman who took a pair to Saudi Arabia," Herbert says. His butterflies have also alighted on Vancouver Island, Hawaii, Holland and Switzerland. A few people with strong ideas about esthetics wish the ersatz insects had simply stayed in their cocoons, but Herbert has found making them certainly beats pulling rabbits out of a hat. What's more, they may finally render extinct another front-yard decorative species — the pink flamingo.

ea Mair says she grew up in George-Dtown, P.E.I., "without a lot of money" but with "good music, books and the beauty of the old buildings and the harbor." Now that Mair is back in Georgetown after working across Canada for years as a public health nurse, her old home town has fallen on hard economic times. But many of the lovely, historic buildings are still standing they're the town's biggest asset, she believes — and she's determined to restore them to some of their former glory. A current project is the Kings Playhouse, built in 1897 and designed by architect William Harris. "It was a magical moment when a group of us decided to try to save the Playhouse," Mair says. "It's been a remarkable success." The spruced-up, 200-seat theatre has had two seasons of popular summer productions. Next, the group hopes to launch a complete restoration with the help of a government grant. "It'll be a beautiful building when it's finished," says Mair, who's president of the Kings Playhouse Foundation and secretary of the Georgetown Heritage Association. She visualizes the addition of two Harris-style towers and a verandah so that patrons can enjoy the night air between acts. Many local children now take part in the youth theatre program, and Mair hopes the building will once again become the town's cultural centre — a place for meetings, theatre and other community events all year long.



Harry and Anne Herbert: Cashing in on a butterfly bonanza

TRAVEL



London on the cheap

These days, how can you afford to visit expensive London, unless you're rich or on a fat expense account? The trick is to do as the British do: Go for the bargains

By Robert Stewart

f I could visit only one city in my life, it would have to be London. I might sorely regret never having tasted the delights of Paris and pine away for a jaunt to New York, but they are not in my bloodstream as London is. This doubtless has to do with conditioning: I was brought up in Canada at a time when the sun had not quite set on the British Empire, and much of the history I learned revolved around the great English capital. As an inveterate reader and moviegoer, I have vicariously roamed its hallowed streets in the shoes of countless fictional characters. I have always been keen on theatre, and London is the mecca of the stage.

So, for people like me, a pilgrimage to London is simply essential. The question these days is, who can afford to go there, unless they are rich or travelling on a fat expense account? In the past few years, prices in Britain have soared to prohibitive levels. At the same time, the purchasing power of the Canadian dollar in terms of sterling has fallen ignominiously.

Canadians returning home from trips

to Britain are always wondering, "How do people there manage to live with those prices?" The answer is that they manage the way porcupines mate — very carefully. But the fact that they get by at all provides the clue to how Canadians can have a good time seeing London without courting financial disaster. The trick is to do as the Londoners do — or as someone from Manchester or Glasgow would do on a foray into the big town.

I tried this on my latest trip, and I was surprised at how little it cost me. Herewith, my recipe for London on the cheap:

First, take a charter flight or buy an excursion ticket. The latter entails paying your fare 21 days in advance and staying at least seven days. Round-trip Halifax-London excursions via Air Canada start at \$660.50 tax included, but you must travel out of season. The tourist season runs from mid-April to mid-October.

But when the tourist season is off, the traditional "London season" is on — the time when the new plays are running, the major musical events and art exhibits are being presented, and the cultural scene

Picadilly Circus in the heart of London

in general is buzzing. Anyway, it's my contention that you'll have a much better time in London when there aren't millions of other tourists about. Apart from the obvious fact that it's easier to see the things you want to see, the crush of tourists in the so-called "good weather" tends to make the locals a trifle snappish. The fact is that the weather in London at any time of the year is apt to be lousy, and the city is most itself when it is chilling and murky. London is not the place to go for fun in the sun.

Next, try to buy your traveller's cheques when the price of sterling is low in Canadian dollars. The pound fluctuates widely against the C-dollar, from just under \$2.30 to just over \$2 in 1982. For this reason I've quoted prices in sterling; it would be meaningless to convert them into Canadian terms. Be warned. too, that British prices have a habit of jumping up suddenly, so that the ones I mention here are intended to give you a general range, and may have risen since the time of writing. Lately, however, prices have stabilized considerably under Maggie Thatcher's draconian economic regime.

Among the things that are outlandishly expensive are cigarettes and hard liquor. If you smoke or like to have a nip in your hotel room, buy your supplies duty-free at the airport or aboard the plane. Taxis in London have also become very pricey. So when I landed at Heathrow, I took the Underground to Victoria Station, which took 45 minutes

INTRODUCING THE HOLIDAY INN "NO EXCUSES" GUARANTEE.



IF ANYTHING IN YOUR ROOM'S NOT RIGHT AND WE CAN'T FIX IT, YOU STAY FREE. NO EXCUSES.

At Holiday Inn, you never have to worry about getting a room with an annoying inconvenience like faulty plumbing.

Or defective air-conditioning. Or a T.V. that's on the fritz.

Because, now, at every Holiday Inn, you get a *written* room guarantee.

Official insurance that your room

will be clean.

That everything in it will work properly.

And that you'll always have enough of everything you need.

Or you don't pay.

That's right.

If you tell us something's not up to snuff, and we can't correct it, or move you to another room, your stay that night is on us.

Now, what other hotel chain gives

you that guarantee?

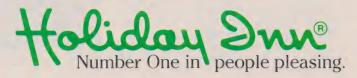
For reservations, call, toll-free. In B.C. and Alta., 1-(800)-268-8811. In Man., Sask., Ont., P.Q. and the

Maritimes, 1-(800)-268-8980.

In Toronto, 486-6400.

In Montreal, 878-4321.

Your nearest Holiday Inn or your travel agent.



TRAVEL

(a British Rail train runs frequently from Gatwick Airport to Victoria). It seems to me that Victoria makes the best base for a tourist to get around London and its environs. It's a major hub in the Underground, bus, rail, and coach (longdistance bus) systems, and it's a reasonable walking distance from some of the main attractions: Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, etc.

The area around the station contains scores of small bed-and-breakfast hotels. I humped my bags two or three blocks to one called the Enrico on Warwick Way. For £8 a day — less than \$18 at the going exchange rate — I got a small, warm room without a bath; the WC and separate shower and bath rooms were only a few steps away. The breakfast included in the price turned out to be a good portion of sausage, bacon and egg that would have cost the Enrico's entire tariff at one of the more dignified — but not much more comfortable - hotels.

Wherever I go, I find that the surest way to get my bearings is to start out with a bus tour. Although I am not unfamiliar with London, having once lived there for several months, I have never been able to get a handle on its weird and wonderful geography. It was well worth £2.40 to refresh my memory on a twohour, 20-mile "Round-London Tour" on the top of a London Transport doubledecker. London Transport also offers allday and half-day guided tours, and lowpriced "do-as-you-please" passes for the buses and tube.

Since I've never fathomed the intricacies of the bus system, I settled for a "Central Tube Rover" day pass for £1.60. So all-encompassing is the Underground network, with its 300-odd stops, that you rarely have to resort to any other means of transportation, except after midnight when it's closed. In contrast to its counterpart in New York, the tube is safe from hold-up artists and

I like to walk, which is one reason I like London. It's a marvellous place to walk around in day or night, when its streets are remarkably safe. There are discoveries, it seems, around every other corner for people who savor literature and history. In the Covent Garden area, you might stop at a plaque marking the spot where Boswell met Dr. Johnson, or where Professor Higgins is supposed to have met Eliza Doolittle. In other parts of town, you might look up to see that you are strolling past Lloyd's of London, 10 Downing Street or Scotland Yard.

This brings us to that grand old British pastime, the pub crawl. I checked out a few choice wateringholes with a fellow traveller named Harry Atterton, who works for the International Air Transport Association in Montreal. Born an Englishman, Harry once served a hitch in the Life Guards, protecting the per-

son of Her Majesty. Like Dickens' Sam Weller, his knowledge of London is "both extensive and peculiar."

Appropriately enough, I accompanied Harry to the Dickens Inn on the shore of the Thames, where we had a good feed of cockles and mussels. We also hit the famous Prospect of Whitby, said to be the oldest surviving pub in London; for such a well-known tourist spot, I found its atmosphere to be surprisingly natural and warm. There we met the crew of the Xylonite, a Thames sailing barge, which can be rented out for tours of the river or dockside parties. The crew consisted of a pretnamed girl Caroline Bentley and a cheery young

cockney named Jaimie Leslie. We finished up the evening with beer on board.

A good pub crawl in London can take you to several different worlds in the course of a few hours as you cross the invisible borders from one district to another. Being on my own, I devised an interesting, one-man crawl inspired by the time I met a couple of off-duty Scotland Yard detectives in a pub called The Feathers on Broadway, near the Metropolitan Police headquarters. The idea was to seek out the pubs where different occupational groups go to drink.

I was fortunate in my first stop, the Westminster Arms at Storey's Gate, where a bunch of Labour Party members

CUV 317C

Take a double-decker bus for cheap transportation

of Parliament, resplendent in dinner jackets, had gathered before going to a formal dinner. There is no clock behind the bar, because you can always look out and get the time from Big Ben. At the Nag's Head on Floral Street I eavesdropped on a conversation between a couple of hefty contraltos from the Royal Opera House across the way. I found bookies at the Prince of Wales on Great Queen Street, pit musicians from the theatres at the Two Brewers on Monmouth Street, and Fleet Street newspapermen at the Printer's Devil on Fetter Lane. I never did find out where the spies from MI5 go to come out of the cold, but I'll bet they have a favorite



Royal Festival Hall: Theatres are London's best bargains

MYERS'S

married to the large for these

The last to the last

or from Waterspecies' display in

ments for the Washing service in the collection of Security, the hard from

at the beautiful to the same

ARM STREET, SECTION AND ADDRESS.

and the same has



ULTRA LIGHT TASTE, MYERS'S WHITE RUM.

the to May Topics (Majorice Spill)

AND REAL PROPERTY.

From the of and spide you make it

for large bottle large, because of their

Andrew William Princip Lincolning

Married W. S. Barrier, Married Street, Toronto.

NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE OWNER, WHEN

tion you would be in the year being to

Married or Married St. T. July Sale

provide facts are brought to the broad

The absolute that become proper

The Minister arrange of the U.S. Con-

MMMMYERS'S RUMMMM RECIPES

HOT RUMS

Myers's Savory Rum Chicken

1.14 kg (21/2 lbs) chicken pieces

1 orange

1 lemon

Second August in Toronto, 2 and in the Right Vision in making the fact to

for a reading to pay account to below a

Bellevil, Natif Amplett, Mark 47 of the same street, but tage Regar, Ministerior Miller, St. Ho.

the of the last two last the last

Named in the Owner of the Owner

to the castle for thems, on Nove

No. 20 No. 20 at 100 Person Street West, or

prints including the 1 Table 1 in

office the page of the Tourist.

perfection of strongs became our

the most term on the direct of

may on age the females in the fine!

Seattle Self-Auto, Siring Sen 5

Steel for street street, it have so

No. of Concession, Name and Advantages of Concession, Name and Concessio

China and the same was

tion Made Management for

Market Company Temporal Street of Sec.

the party of the publication, sect

print, the strate lates, being pri

dies entropie von 71. dass, 11. d ARE IN ROLL THAN THE MAN AND ADDRESS OF Service and Lawrence

Strong State or Sections State

Name and Address of the Owner, where mater of the face pooling, I would be Tipode Sales Street, Str. Str. CAR SHARWARD THE PARTY NAMED IN proper particular rest in Minchell and the real party have in course or

Plante I go, Trial life for the

service and in the same disputed.

50 ml (1/4 cup) butter

50 ml (1/4 cup) Myers's Rum

25 ml (2 tbsp) Worcestershire Sauce

1 ml (1/4 tsp) salt (optional)

1 ml (1/4 tsp) ground ginger

Freshly ground black pepper

Place chicken pieces in a 3 L rectangular baking dish (9" x 13"). Squeeze the juice of 1/2 orange and ½ lemon over chicken. In a small saucepan, melt butter. Remove from heat. Stir in Myers's Rum, Worcestershire Sauce, ground ginger and salt; mix well. Spoon mixture over chicken. Sprinkle with pepper.

Bake in 180°C (350°F) oven for 50 minutes until chicken is tender and golden brown. Baste occasionally.

Slice remaining orange and lemon, and garnish.

Serves 4.

COLD RUMS

"Squeeze"

For each serving: 60 ml (2 oz) Myers's Planters' Punch Rum

250 ml (8 oz) Orange Juice

In a tall glass or large wine glass, with ice cubes or crushed ice, pour Myers's Planters' Punch and orange juice. Stir. Garnish with a slice of orange.

Myers's Rum-Yums

625 ml (21/2 cups) finely crushed vanilla wafers

250 ml (1 cup) icing sugar

25 ml (2 tbsp) cocoa

250 ml (1 cup) finely chopped walnuts

OB

250 ml (1 cup) of finely chopped walnuts and shredded coconut combined

50 ml (3 tbsp) corn syrup 50 ml (1/4 cup) Myers's Rum

Mix first four ingredients well. Add syrup and Myers's Rum; mix well. Roll into 1 inch balls then roll in icing sugar or finely chopped nuts as desired.

Makes 31/2 dozen.

RECIPE CARD NO. 1



"local" too.

I learned long ago to have most of my meals in the pubs, where the prices are right and the food is more or less authentically English. The meals in the classier restaurants and grills generally aren't worth the price. The ethnic restaurants — French, Italian, Greek — tend to be anglicized, resulting in such culinary horrors as lasagna with roast potatoes. Worst of all is any British attempt to re-create American cooking such as Texas-style steaks, Southern fried chicken or hamburgers. The many good Indian restaurants in London are about the only exceptions to this general rule.

On the whole, you're better off to stick to the English specialties you'll find in pubs — steak and kidney pudding, Melton Mowbray pie, bacon and kidney rolls, bangers and beans. These usually

up on the "roast of the day" for £3.50.

With your best interests at heart, the pubs shut up in the afternoon, allowing you time for sightseeing. Many of the best things in London are free. It is replete with fine museums and art galleries, courtesy of the poor, longsuffering British taxpayer. Among the other great free shows are the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace and the sometimes-hilarious debates that rage on Sunday morning at Speaker's Corner, where the hecklers are even funnier than the speakers. For somewhat more subdued proceedings, you might want to take your chances on queueing up for a seat in the Stranger's Gallery in the House of Commons or the criminal courts in the Old Bailey.

It costs nothing to window-shop on Pall Mall or St. James's Street, where you can buy returned tickets at the Theatre Ticket Booth in Leicester Square for as little as £1.50. If you go directly to the theatre, it is not unusual to pay £2.50 for a seat in "the gods." The most expensive seats in the house for most productions might cost £7, although you can expect to shell out more to see a smash-hit musical. For all but the biggest hits, you should be able to obtain seats at the theatre or a booking office without any trouble. That is because of the sheer number of theatres operating — about 50 in Greater London, of which more than 30 are clusered in the West End.

The range of what's playing at any given time accommodates any theatrical taste from Shakespearian drama to funky variety shows. I am especially partial to the run-of-the-mill productions that are not staged anywhere but in Lon-



Pubs such as the Scarsdale Arms have mealtime bargains



The Natural History Museum, South Kensington

cost under £1.50, and you can wash them down with a full Imperial pint of tasty beer for 60 to 70 pence (100 pence equals 1 pound). The wine bars offer some excellent meals in the same general price area, and their wines are bargains by Canadian standards. A bottle of fairly good imported wine goes for between £3 and £4.

If you tire of pub grub, you can always fall back on the old working-class standby, fish and chips, for £1.25 a helping. Then there is the great glory of Olde English cooking, roast meat. Several of the large hotels have "carveries" where you can help yourself to any amount of beef, pork, mutton or turkey for £7.50. But you needn't pay that much if you're not interested in chintzy decor. At Peeler's in Covent Garden, you can fill

you can contemplate buying a £2,400 shotgun at William Evans or a used Rolls Royce at H.A. Fox for £44,950. If you're shopping in earnest, London has some of the world's best shops and department stores. As a foreigner, you can take advantage of the retail export scheme, which saves you the 15% Value Added Tax.

The British attach a lot of value to a prestigious name, so you have to be careful that you are not paying more than you would for the same item in Canada just to get a shopping bag from Liberty's or Harrod's. But if you look around, there are bargains to be found. Not being much of a shopper, the best bargains I found were in the theatres. Ticket prices are only about a third of those in New York.

For absolutely rock-bottom prices,

don — trivial farces, detective thrillers and the like. The West End carries on the tradition of borrowing the best from Broadway, and there are always revivals of London classics from other eras. With such a feast before me, I thoroughly gorged myself on theatre, taking in nine performances in seven days.

And that was only scratching the surface, just as I have only scratched the surface of what there is to see and do in the other things I have mentioned. For, as Dr. Johnson said in 1777, "there is in London everything that life can afford." That being so, it's nice to know that an ordinary Canadian can afford London. I even had a few pounds left over from this very enjoyable excursion. I cashed them in for more Canadian money than I had bought them for.

THE LAW

Fear and loathing in the mushroom patch

The conflict between P.E.I. landowners and migrant mushroom pickers is taking a turn for the worse. And that may mean the end of the Island's lucrative magic—mushroom harvest

hen Eva Kasmarik of Brooklyn, P.E.I., discovered this fall that the RCMP could do nothing to evict some itinerant mushroom pickers from her farm, she took her concerns to the local branch of the P.E.I. Women's Institute. "They [the pickers] left beer and whisky bottles in the path of the tractor and were very arrogant when my husband asked them to leave," says Kasmarik, who wants the Institute to study the Island's trespass laws. "I was very surprised to find out how little protection a property owner does have. It's shocking."

Another frustrated landowner, David Sanders of Little Sands, took more direct action: He fired what he says were warning shots at a group of mushroom harvesters, wounding a young Quebec man in the leg. Other landowners sympathized with Sanders, and he subsequently received an absolute discharge when his case

came up in court.

The conflict between Islanders and mushroom pickers — most of them young, many of them from outside the province — has been brewing for years. Every fall, the pickers crawl across pastures, looking for small, innocuouslooking brown mushrooms. When dried, the mushrooms sell for as much as \$5,000 a pound on the streets of big cities, because they contain a hallucinogenic drug called psilocybin.

This year, the conflict escalated to the point where several incidents of violence were reported. And both law enforcement agencies and the public started talking seriously about getting changes made in the law before next year's harvest.

Ralph Thompson, director of legal services for the provincial Justice Department, says he hopes a broad amendment to the Summary Trespass Act — one that

will make trespassing "fairly expensive"

— will come before the legislature next spring.

P.E.I.'s trespass act legislates against dumping on private property in view of a public highway and against cutting down Christmas trees on someone else's land, and also deals with the use of private property by anglers and hunters. "Until the mushroom craze hit, those were the only concerns," Thompson says. The Criminal Code of Canada says it's illegal to loiter near a dwelling-house at night without a proper excuse, but "you can lurk in the daytime and no one can stop you."

No one can stop you from selling those magic mushrooms, either. In several cases of possession of dried psilocybian mushrooms, the appeals courts in British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan held that it's legal to possess the mushrooms in their natural form, although psilocybin appears on the schedule of restricted substances in the Food and Drug Act. Sean Murphy, part-time federal prosecutor for Kings and Queens counties, says the law should be changed to make it illegal to possess the mushrooms. He says the pickers are often "undesirable — some have prior criminal records."

Scores of different mushroom species contain psilocybin, and the Island has three or four species containing varying amounts of the hallucinogen. Mycologist Katherine Clough, who teaches a course in edible mushrooms at the University of P.E.I., describes the hallucinogenic mushrooms as tawny-colored, with a broadly-conical-to-flat cap and a stem four to 10 cm long. A distinctive characteristic, indicating the presence of the mind-altering drug, is that the stems bruise at the base

and at the cap.

The intoxicating effect appears to depend on the user and the amount of the drug taken. Some users describe colored visions; others, a feeling of warmth, happiness and well-being, lasting three to six hours. Montague physician Dr. John DeMarsh says several local youngsters have landed in hospital in the past few years after overdosing on the mushrooms. "It can be frightening," he says. "They hallucinate a bit. We keep them overnight, and they're fine in the morning. It's not a serious problem."

Another possible hazard of the harvest is that several species of highly toxic mushrooms look like the psilocybian ones. Although Clough says she hasn't found any on the Island, "there's a little, brown mushroom that grows in the same habitat. It looks a little different, but you could be mistaken if you didn't know." Most people who collect the psilocybian mushrooms, she says, appear to know

them well.

Some, in fact, have been migrating to the Island every fall for years. Pierre Gagné, 24, of Montreal, whose shoulderlength hair, leather headband and patched jeans make him conspicuous on the quiet streets of Montague, came to the Island for the tobacco harvest and stayed on to make some extra cash. "For us in Quebec, it's like a gold mine," says Gagné, who's worked at the mushroom harvest for several years. Depending on luck and diligence, a picker can collect as much as two pounds of mushrooms a season. Gagné and his friend Ghislain Boisvert, another Montrealer, make enough on the harvest to see them through the winter.

The two Montrealers say they either pick on public property, such as the provincially owned golf course in Brudenell, or ask permission of farmers. Conflict with Islanders, Gagné says, is caused by "a very few crazy pickers who spoil it for

everybody.'

In one of the more serious incidents being investigated by the RCMP, a young Montague man claims to have been abducted by four men who stole half a pound of dried mushrooms he was trying to sell them, and then dumped him on the highway. "When people deal in a restricted drug and the traffic gets heavy enough, violence always occurs," says Cpl. Tony Glencross of the Montague RCMP detachment.

With the fear of that violence hanging in the air, the conflict between pickers and landowners may have reached the point where Islanders will no longer tolerate another invasion of their peaceful cow pastures next fall.

Susan Mahoney





Mushroom pickers and their harvest, worth \$5,000 a pound on big-city streets



Six business-like reasons to fly CPAir to Europe:

CPAir lands at the most convenient airport in Europe – Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport.

Schiphol offers excellent connecting times to more than 100 destinations throughout Europe, the Middle East and Africa.

CPAir Empress Class gives you the benefits of a business class, at no extra cost.

First Class passengers enjoy our fully reclining Loungeaire sleeper seats.

You'll find 41 CP Air offices in Europe, the Middle East and Africa to assist you.

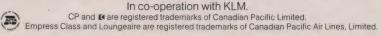
Only CPAir offers wide-cabin service to continental Europe from Halifax. Call your travel agent and fly CPAir.

The world-wise airline.

CPAir [4

CPAir International.

Europe/South America/North America/The Orient/South Pacific



BUSINESS

Hate loud rock? So do barnacles. And that's good news for sailors

It's also meant the start of a thriving little business in Bridgewater, N.S. And barnacle-free ferries on the Atlantic coast

bout 20 years ago, two American naval officers on a South Pacific yachting holiday took along enough rock 'n' roll tapes to guarantee non-stop music while they sailed. They made enough noise to disturb occupants of a few passing yachts. And, when the sailors returned to port, they made a surprising discovery: The barnacles didn't like loud rock, either. The tiny marine creatures hadn't stuck to the outside sections of the hull where the stereo speakers were.

That discovery became the springboard — years later — for a thriving manufacturing business in Bridgewater, N.S. Last February, Nova Sonics, a company run by two former Calgarians, started turning out electronic antifouling systems — devices that would keep barnacles from clogging the engine-cooling water intakes and clinging to the hull. The systems work like the rock music minus the sound: An electrical impulse is translated into a mechanical impulse that vibrates pipes or the ship's hull at a frequency that prevents the growth of barnacles and other marine creatures. The system doesn't hurt the barnacles. They just don't like it and stay away. For boat owners that means less maintenance.

Nova Sonics co-owner Ron Fach, a former airline pilot and sea captain, estimates that the system, which costs \$1,500 to \$5,000 to install on yachts, "will pay for itself in the first haul." For large vessels, such as the CN Marine ferries that Nova Sonics is gradually fitting, prices range from \$50,000 to \$150,000. CN Marine officials have calculated that's cheaper than regular scrubbing. Before Nova Sonics fitted the Digby-Saint John ferry *Princess of Acadia*, workers cleaned its intake valves every week

Skippers and ship owners have been fighting off barnacles for centuries. Fach was one of them. In the early Seventies, he ran a small, commercial supply-boat line on the British Columbia coast. After seeing a barnacle-repelling machine on a visiting yacht, he went to see the manufacturer in California — the two rockloving Americans. They'd bungled the business. Instead of installing the \$39.95

vibrating devices themselves, they left that to purchasers. Most didn't know how, so the systems didn't work. Because the company sold them with a moneyback guarantee, it lost out.

Although the idea behind the barnacle repellent "intrigued" Fach, he dropped it for a few years. Then he went to work on a ship in the Cayman Islands and again faced that "monstrous problem." Overnight in the warm Caribbean, barnacles attached themselves so quickly that a crew of divers would have to remove them. Fach convinced his employer, Aquatic International, to buy the patents for the anti-barnacle device from the two Americans. "Somehow I believed it had potential," he says.

With partner Gilles Wilderman, he set up shop in the Bahamas, hired a team of trained installers and watched the company's bank account swell. "We had no problems getting customers from among the small pleasure-craft owners in the Bahamas," he recalls. Fach expanded into Florida. Experimenting,



Fach of Nova Sonics: "I intend to stay"

Fach perfected an electronic vibrator that could repel barnacles on even the largest ship. He waited for customers. They didn't come. "Not one single shipping company of any size was willing to test our device," Fach says. "You can't believe the number of refusals I received." Even the endorsement of U.S. Senator Barry Goldwater, who called the device "a must for any boat," didn't help.

A discouraged Fach nearly gave up about four years ago. Then CN Marine, a Crown corporation that operates the ferries, heard about the barnacle repellent. CN Marine decided to test it on the North Sydney-Labrador ferry Ambrose Shea and the Princess of Acadia. They liked the results. "The initial tests were so successful," the CN Marine publication Echo reported, "that when the ships went into drydock after two years, there was no growth on the test areas." In the unfitted sections of the ships' hulls, "the growth was as abundant as usual."

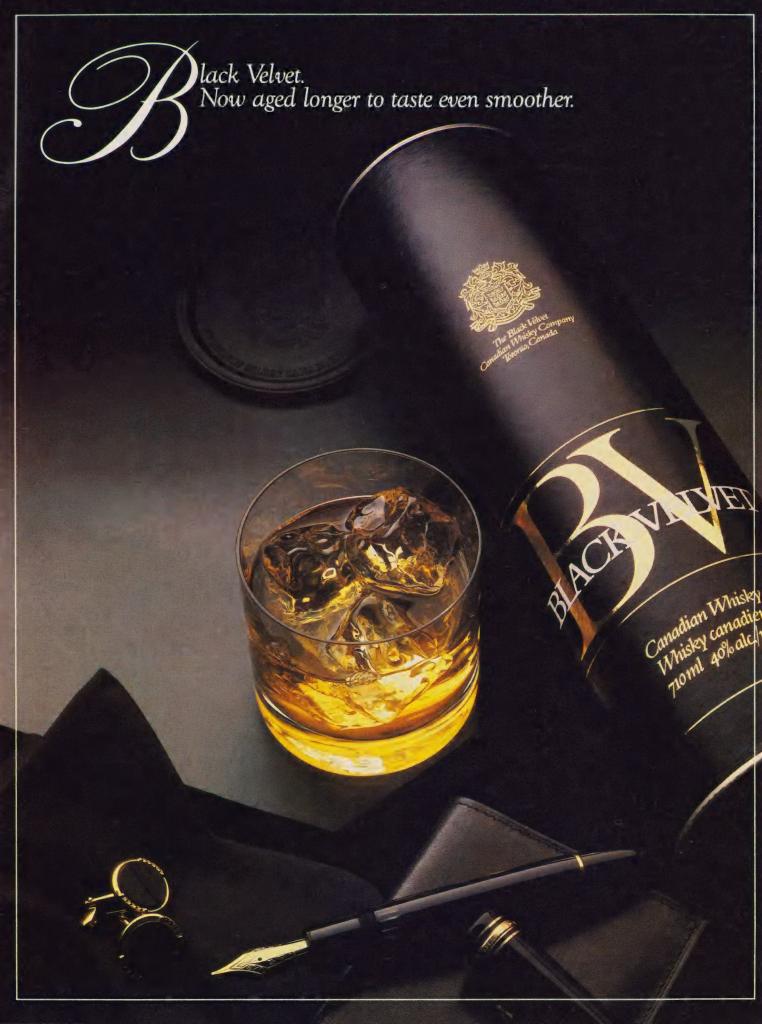
Eventually, CN Marine will fit all its ferries with the electro-mechanical device. So far, Nova Sonics has completed work on three Nova Scotia-based ships, the *Marine Evangeline*, the *Marine Nautica* and the *Marine Atlantica* and will soon do the P.E.I.-N.B. ferry *Abegweit*.

Because of budget cutbacks, CN Marine has slowed its purchases, but Fach, who has yet to turn a profit at the Bridgewater plant, is confident about the future. He credits CN Marine for his decision to locate in Nova Scotia after the successful tests on the ferries. "That's what really kicked it off," he says.

Fach has also received welcome news from abroad. He's had worldwide enquiries from companies asking to represent Nova Sonics. In Britain, the giant Dunlop Rubber Co. will handle some of the European distribution of the electronic anti-fouling system, and recently Fach signed other distribution agreements in Saudi Arabia, Portugal and France. Crews from Bridgewater will do the actual fitting and will soon head to Europe to give estimates on fitting the Scottish oil rigs and a large steamship line.

With business thriving, some people have suggested that Fach move to a more central location. He says he's not budging. "We're not the least interested in making any move out of here, no matter how big we get," he says. He's got a top-notch assembly team, which he expects to reach 60 by next year. One employee, an electronics whiz, is experimenting with a cheaper barnacle repellent to use on fishing boats.

Looking back over the rough years, Fach wishes he'd tried Canada sooner. "Now that I'm home I intend to stay," he says. "From now on we are 100% Canadian."



MUSIC

Booing the Symphony's swan song

A junior high school staged a fund-raising marathon. People sent petitions to government. Former employees stayed on without pay. Nobody — except some members of its board of directors — wanted the Atlantic Symphony to die

he telephone bill hasn't been paid in months, but the phones still ring; the electricity bill has been in arrears at least that long, but the lights continue to shine. In another day, the rent on the office will be two months past due, but even the landlord merely calls once in a while to ask what's new. "Our creditors," Mark Warren allows with an almost audible sigh of relief, "have been extremely patient. I think it's because they are still convinced the Symphony will be back on its feet again.

So is Mark Warren. Officially, Mark Warren is the unemployed former executive director of the "indefinitely suspended" Atlantic Symphony Orchestra. Unofficially, he is just one of several dozen people - musicians, businessmen, orchestra board members, politicians, bureaucrats and ordinary, symphonic music lovers — desperately trying to come up with the right combination of short-term cash and long-term plans to breathe life

into the moribund orga-

nization.

On Sept. 20, 1982, a month before its 1982-83 season was scheduled to open with an evening of Russian music, the ASO board dramatically announced the orchestra was being shut down instead. The ASO was \$407,000 in debt. Inflation had goosed its costs while the recession squeezed its usual sources of funds. Both the Canada Council and the Nova Scotia government had turned down pleas to write off its deficit. If the orchestra had continued to play, board members told a hastily called Halifax news conference, its debts would have been pushing \$1 million by the spring of 1983. ASO board chairman Hector McInnes, a prominent Halifax corporate lawyer, said the dream of a full-scale, regional professional symphony was dead. Atlantic Canada, he said, simply couldn't afford it.

Not everyone agreed. Many of the 52 symphony musicians, for example, bitterly accused the board of keeping them in the dark

uation. But some board members blamed the board's powerful, ninemember executive committee for not keeping them informed either. "By the time they came to us," complained one, "there was nothing to do but shut it down." Others noted that artistic director Victor Yampolsky wasn't involved in public relations or concerned with public taste, while still others fretted that 33-year-old Warren wasn't experienced enough for his top administrative post.

Whatever the merits of those claims, the truth is that the orchestra's survival has always been chancey. When it was formed in 1968, the ASO began with absurdly ambitious plans to create a symphony to serve the entire Atlantic region. In truth, the ASO's creators really had no choice: No single community in the region was big enough to support an orchestra by itself.

But even by just touring in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the orchestra

needed far more to meet its regional obligations than it could get back from the box office, private donors and public grants. (In 1981-82, for example, it lost a whopping \$170,000 on its six-week tour of Moncton, Saint John and Fredericton.)

The ASO's current crisis is not its first. In 1979, Atlantic Canadians responded with TV telethons, bake sales, raffles and corporate wallet-opening after the Symphony made a death's door plea for money to wipe out a then \$286,000 shortfall. It worked, but - incredibly, in retrospect — the Symphony's board failed to come up with a long-term plan to stop it from happening again. Three years later, it did.

"People have been really supportive," Mark Warren explains. "We get all kinds of letters — a dozen this week from Bridgewater alone. A junior high school staged a music marathon to help raise money for us. Last week, 600 people signed a petition to federal, provincial and municipal governments saying

they want us...

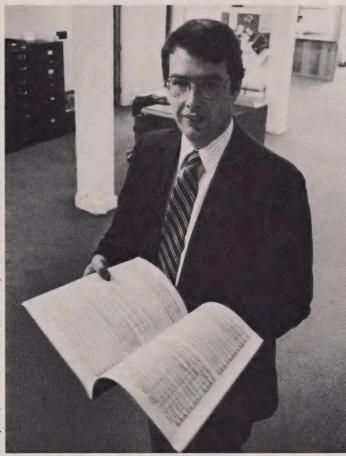
But despite such encouraging gestures and even a successful fund-raising concert last month, Warren is quick to admit the ASO's ultimate fate must still

be determined by governments. "What governments want - and what we're trying to come up with — is a plan for the future so the orchestra will be able to go forward on a secure footing." A new orchestra might do less touring, he admits, or it may have to be smaller than it's been. "We have to consider all the variables," he says. "We have to convince governments it will work."

It won't be easy. The Nova Scotia government has already said flatly it won't help write off the ASO's huge deficit. And it has also turned down a request for \$25,000 to keep the office open while negotiations continue for its resurrection. As a result, the ASO stopped paying Mark Warren's salary as of Oct. 1.

But Warren and two other former ASO office workers still show up for work as usual each morning. Warren insists he isn't looking for another job. "There's going to be an orchestra. I'm sure of it. And. as a result of all of this, I'm convinced it will be even stronger, artistically and administratively. It has to be."

- Stephen Kimber



about the serious financial sit- Warren: "There's going to be an orchestra"



THE McGUINNESS ATTITUDE

You're not everybody. You make your own choices. You set your own style. Nobody sells you with a label or a fancy price. You know what you like and that's what counts.

McGuinness Vodka.



THE PLEASURE IS ALL MILD.

Introducing Macdonald Select.

A unique new family of mild cigarettes especially created for those who select their pleasures with care.

Everything about them will please you. In Special Mild, Ultra Mild and Menthol Special Mild.



THE NAME SAYS IT ALL.

SPECIAL REPORT



The billion-dollar high

The illegal drug trade, with customers in every town and hamlet in the region, is one of the healthiest businesses around. Now, police fear Atlantic Canada may become the new drug gateway to North America.

By Chris Wood

very year, Atlantic Canadians spend \$1 billion on illegal drugs, buying everything from backyard pot to made-in-Montreal LSD to South American cocaine. That's more than people spend annually on burgers and shakes in all the McDonald's restaurants in Canada. It's twice the sales rung up

at all the tills in the Sobeys supermarket chain.

Above all, drugs are a business, with customers in every city and every rural hamlet in the region. Among the 200,000 satisfied customers are people from every class and category, from clergymen to break-and-enter artists. Profits average

80% to 100% of an investment, and there's no tax. And the risk of going to jail is less, statistically, than that of going bankrupt running say, a shoe store. In this recession-sickened economy, the illicit drug trade is one of the healthiest businesses around.

In the Atlantic region, in fact, it seems to be expanding and diversifying. This fall, police arrested seven people near Yarmouth, N.S., with \$16 million worth of marijuana and hashish. Four of the seven were from Florida. The bust suggests that some of the worst fears of the region's drug enforcement officers may be confirmed: That the giant, Florida-based importers who supply much of the United States' \$55-billion drug market are starting to set up branch plants here.

The Florida coastline, once an open gateway to the United States for importers of cocaine, hashish and marijuana, is slowly closing down as U.S. authorities step up enforcement. Traffickers are casting about for new routes into the country. And they're looking our

By 1980, U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) officials say, three-quarters of the cocaine and marijuana entering the continental United States flowed through Florida, from sources in South America and the Caribbean. Bigtime importers willingly sacrificed whole ships and complete aircraft, after offloading drug shipments worth tens of millions of dollars.

Last February, the U.S. government launched "Operation Florida," an allout blockade of the Florida drug highway. Its success "is going to put tremendous pressure on the Canadian Maritime region," warns Chief Superintendent Rod Stamler, the RCMP's top drug enforcement agent, as traffickers weigh the merits of Atlantic Canada as a new and less troublesome staging-point for drug shipments destined for U.S. consumers.

"We have 900 miles of craggy coastline and coves that are basically uninhabited," adds Cpl. Brent



Police seized the "Patricia" off Shelburne, N.S.

Crowhurst, RCMP drug co-ordinator for Nova Scotia. "We [the RCMP] don't even have a marine division anymore. It's an ideal situation."

Michael Crichton, Canada Customs area manager at St. Stephen, N.B., says there have been "happenings" in the Bay of Fundy that authorities can't account for. There seems to be no explanation for having something of that size in the area. "We've received reports of lights at night. We feel that the mother ships

[vessels carrying marijuana from South America] are operating here."

Some 30 unmanned border crossings between New Brunswick and Maine, plus dozens of unsupervised private and seasonal airstrips, complete the delivery route into the U.S. An influx of bigmoney operators from Florida could wrest control of the Atlantic region drug market from an estimated two dozen



In a ship's hold, 20 tons of hashish worth \$43 million

"companies" in the area. Most consist of a single key organizer with access to working capital, and two or three associates. A few may involve half a dozen people.

The LSD and phencyclidine (PCP) on the streets of Atlantic Canada, according to RCMP intelligence reports, are mostly the product of illicit laboratories in Ontario and Quebec,

many of them surprisingly sophisticated. Motorcycle gangs operate many, if not all, of the labs and market the products through members of affiliated clubs in the east.

Cocaine and marijuana follow a different route. The principal source for both is northern South America, often Colombia (though some Thai and Californian product also reaches us). Freighters loaded with baled marijuana and plastic-bagged cocaine pick their way through the

Caribbean to points off the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico coasts of the United States. Once smuggled ashore in fast boats, the dope moves by land to the major centres of the northeast — Boston and New York.

It is there that Canadian drug traffickers do their shopping. "A lot have at one time or another worked down there, or have relatives there," notes Cpl.

What's for sale?

Almost every intoxicant known, from airplane glue to heroin, has turned up at one time or another on the streets of Atlantic Canada. But only a few drugs are regularly and widely available. Here's what's on the market.

Marijuana

— Domestic. Atlantic Canada's climate provides less than ideal growing conditions for potent Cannabis sativa, which is why relatively little home-grown pot makes it to the open market. When it does, it sells for \$25 to \$35 an ounce.

— Colombian. The standard grade of commercial marijuana, even when it doesn't really come from Colombia. Pounds sell for \$700 to \$1,000 on the wholesale market. Ounce bags go for \$60 to \$125, depending on quality and the amount of "lumber" — stalks and seeds. Single joints can be had for \$2.

— Sinsemilla. A high-test strain of seedless marijuana, much of it grown in California, that's begun to appear in Atlantic Canada. Prices are substantially above those for good-quality Colombian.

— Thai Sticks. Another high-test, highpriced, form of pot. This one comes from Southeast Asia, and gets its name from the pieces of split bamboo around which the very light green marijuana tops are wound.

Hashish

— Brown Lebanese hashish and black hash from Pakistan dominate the Atlantic Canada market. The Pakistani product tends to be preferred. Both arrive in one-pound "soles" — flattened, oval patties of hash — that wholesale for \$2,000 to \$3,200. Grams, the usual retail unit, cost \$10 to \$25. Quality varies, with some seized samples having only a trace of TCH (tetra-hydrocannabinol), the active ingredient of marijuana and its derivatives.

— Hash oil. Not really an oil, but a sticky, resinous, greenish-black liquid, extracted from marijuana. The potency is generally higher than that of hashish. Gram vials of the molasses-like stuff sell for \$25 to \$35.

LSD (Lysergic acid diethylamide)

— Acid. A single 100 microgram (1/10,000th of a gram) dose of LSD, in whatever form, can be had for \$5 to \$10. According to the RCMP, what is sold as LSD in Atlantic Canada usually is LSD. Among the most popular forms:

 Microdots. Tiny tablets about the size of the head of a dressmaker's pin. Trade names, such as California Sunshine and Purple Microdots, reflect the color.

— Blotter acid. Drops of liquid LSD are soaked into sheets of blotting paper, which is then perforated like a sheet of postage stamps, so that each square is one hit. It often comes with cartoon characters — Donald Duck, Superman, Miss

Piggy — emblazoned on each square.

— Inked acid. Like blotter acid, except that the LSD is mixed in with the ink that spells out messages such as "Lick Here" or "Turn On," printed on each square.

PCP (Phencyclidine)

— Probably the most dangerous chemical widely available in Atlantic Canada. Veterinarians use it to tranquillize animals. It can leave human users in a stupor that may take three weeks to wear off, or produce attacks of violently aggressive behavior. Some unlucky users of "Angel Dust" become permanently psychotic. It sells as an off-white powder, in tablets, in gelatin capsules, or in joints, dusted on marijuana or parsley. Goes for \$1,200 to \$1,500 a pound and \$4 to \$7 a single hit.

Mescaline

— The street dealers call it mescaline and sell it for \$7 to \$10 a tablet. In the lab, it usually turns out to be PCP, being marketed under an assumed name to avoid phencyclidine's well-deserved bad reputation.

Cocaine

— Not for those on a beer budget. A gram of sparkly white "Snow" — normally well cut with talcum or cornstarch — costs \$125 to \$160. And it may turn out to be novocaine, which also produces a local numbness, but doesn't pack the euphoric kick of the real thing. Even riskier, it could also prove to be PCP or amphetamines.

Save energy naturally with an all down duvet. Warm and lightweight goose down comforters and bed-spreads let you make your bed with a snap and a fluff in seconds.

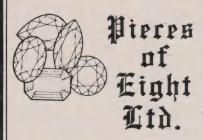
Take a look at our complete line of bedding accessories. We welcome mail and phone orders and happily accept Visa and MasterCharge.



HISTORIC PROPERTIES

1869 UPPER WATER ST. HALIFAX, N.S. B3J 1S9

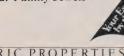
423-4411



JEWELLERY - CRYSTAL ANCHORAGE HOUSE HISTORIC PROPERTIES HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA B3J 1S9 423-6034

The "International Gem Source" featuring a complete line of rings, pendants and earrings with genuine birthstones:

- · Complete Jewellery and Watch Repair Service
- Written Valuations of Jewellery for Insurance Purposes
 - Remount Service for your Family Jewels



HISTORIC PROPERTIES

SPECIAL REPORT



A \$26-million haul: 2,000 pounds of hashish and cans of hash oil

Robert McFetridge, the RCMP's drug co-ordinator for New Brunswick. "They have contacts down there, people they can trust.'

A well-organized importing organization can bring more than 100 pounds of marijuana a month across the Maine border into Canada, concealed in custom-built compartments in a van or pickup. "We simply can't examine every vehicle that comes in," says Crichton of Canada Customs at St. Stephen, probably the most popular crossing point for drugs. "I would hope we're stopping 5%." The rest gets through.

Bought in Boston for \$35,000 (US), 100 pounds of marijuana will sell in Saint John for about \$90,000 (Cdn.). Even after deducting the cost of exchange rates, and of paying couriers to risk seven years in jail to drive a drug-packed car across the border, the profit is still 100%. And, of course, tax-free.

Hashish from Pakistan or the Mediterranean can reach buyers in Buctouche, N.B., or North Sydney, N.S., by a similar route: Channelled through the organized crime clearing-houses of New York. It may also arrive concealed in apparently innocent commercial shipments at Halifax harbor. Or aboard a private yacht that pulls into one of the isolated coves that made the Nova Scotia South Shore a haven for rum-runners of an

At the other end of the line are peo-

ple like Jeff, a 17-year-old retail dealer from Pictou County, N.S. Jeff "fronts" (buys on credit) a couple of ounce bags of marijuana a week from his supplier. He peddles the contents, rolled into as many as 200 cigarettes, among local teenagers, turning an average weekly profit of \$50 to \$60, and supplying his own needs.

"You ain't gonna make much profit off your first ounce," he observes. "The best idea is to roll larger joints and give deals, like three joints for \$5. Do that until you get a fairly decent reputation, then after a while you can make your joints a little smaller, give less deals, so it's putting more money into your pocket.'

The degree of furtiveness surrounding retail drug sales varies. Among teenagers the trade is often wide open. "Usually you can spot the guys," a Saint John youth says. "There's a couple places that are famous. [He names some local pool halls]. You just walk up and you say 'Any joints around? You got any joints?' Sometimes they ask you. Sometimes you got to ask them.' Older consumers, with jobs, families and reputations to protect, use more discretion. A few oblique references to a friend with connections. A meeting in an office washroom or a parked car to make the exchange.

Few but the young or the careless find themselves in court, where the penalty for possessing marijuana is normally less than for intoxicated driving. The RCMP, and even most large municipal police forces, have all but abandoned efforts to crush the street traffic in drugs, concentrating instead on the bigger prize of breaking importing organizations.

The police are by no means toothless. The RCMP alone fields about 35 full-time drug-enforcement officers in Nova Scotia, and similar squads in New Brunswick and Newfoundland, with a smaller team in Prince Edward Island. A full-scale investigation can deploy stakeout teams, electronic surveillance and undercover specialists flown in from other parts of the country.

But it may take six months, and tie up most of the force's local resources, to link a target with a drug seizure, the key to a conviction. In the meantime, smalltime sellers and still-undetected importers carry on their trade unhindered.

At best, the RCMP estimates, it stops perhaps 10% of the region's traffic.

The drug trade prospers, not because the police are inept, or the courts too lenient, but because there's enough public ambivalence about it to blunt the sharp edge of the law. And because there's a huge popular demand for the product.

Chemical hallucinogens — notably LSD and PCP (phencyclidine) — are the choice of the young and of a hard-core fringe of social dropouts. Cocaine, at the top of the market, is the preserve of highrolling professionals and executives. Marijuana, in its various guises, is a mass-market drug; it's smoked by 12-year-olds and senior citizens, garbagemen and social workers.

"In Halifax, you can pretty well get anything you want," a 16-year-old inmate of a provincial training school says. "Your heavier chemicals, like opium, codeine, cocaine, mescaline. Your smaller things such as acid. Your pills - uppers and downers. It's not really that hard; all



\$20,000 worth of hash oil



THE BEOCENTER 700 THERE'S NOTHING REMOTELYLIKE IT

Experience the unique pleasure of music brought to you automatically, intelligently, by wireless remote control. Choose turntable, tape or FM radio, switch from one mode

to another and adjust volume without touching the Beocenter itself.

Set your music free. Come in and test the Beocenter 7000.



159 Wyse Road , Dartmouth (902) 463-8850

Over one and a half plays free, save \$24.00 on a pair of subscriptions across New Brunswick with the FABULOUS FIFTEENTH SEASON october to may theatre new brunswick 506 455-3080 Over one and a half plays free, save \$24.00 % to 30.40 % to 30.40



K&D TAXIDERMY SUPPLY HOUSE

CANADA'S LARGEST TAXIDERMY SUPPLY SPECIALISTS PROVIDING A COMPLETE LINE OF SUPPLIES FOR AMATEUR & PROFESSIONAL

Dear Taxidermists:

Our new catalogue No. 13 has been reorganized from cover to cover with your convenience foremost in mind and is now available at \$3.00. The separate price booklet is specially compiled for handy reference. All taxidermy components that we manufacture and distribute (catalogue No. 13) are of the highest quality. Included are a complete line of plastic forms, jaw and tongue assemblies, paper lifesize forms, wood plaques, to mention only a few.

To receive your catalogue send \$3.00 to the

To receive your catalogue send \$3.00 to the address below. We hope that you enjoy reading about and using our products and services.

K&D SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY

By practising and carefully following the illustrations in the comfort of your own home, you can start doing taxidermy with your very first lesson. Upon completion of three of the five lessons, send us photographs showing your best work. The photographs should include a specimen from each of the three lessons. Our professional staff will be pleased to evaluate your progress. When you have completed three lessons and have achieved an acceptable level of success, we will award you our special diploma. Diploma course (5 lessons) \$25.00.

K&D TAXIDERMY SUPPLY HOUSE, 1380 NOTRE DAME AVE., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA R3E 0P7 (204) 774-0257

SPECIAL REPORT



Hash oil - street value, \$275

you have to do is be seen around for a while, make some friends."

In smaller towns, the choice of the day may be more limited, but sooner or later there's something for every taste. "Hash[ish] will go around for a while," says a dealer from a village in New Brunswick's Acadian peninsula. "Then acid will be common for a little while. Then after that, mescaline. If you want to buy drugs for the night, to go to a party or something, you buy whatever's available."

"If I wanted to buy coke [cocaine]?" asks a government official in Saint John. "I'd probably ask someone like [a local criminal lawyer], who'd ask one or two of his clients, who'd ask somebody else. Then, in a couple of days, I'd have it."

RCMP estimates give marijuana and its derivatives by far the largest share of the illegal drug market. Marijuana and hashish outsell all the popular illicit narcotics and hallucinogens combined by four to one. According to a 1981 Gallup poll, 30% of Atlantic Canadians aged 18 to 29 are "current" pot smokers (defined as having used marijuana at least once in the last year), and more than 20% of people of all ages have tried it at least once in their lives. One recent study found 60% of Grade 10 students admitting they had tried pot.

Some may have acquired a taste for cannabis at home. Many of today's parents first experimented with marijuana during the psychedelic heyday of the Sixties and early Seventies.

"The term is 'recreational drug,' and I think that's exactly how it's being used," says a freelance publicist in his 40s, a respected member of a bedroom community outside Halifax. "It's used very much as alcohol is, as a way of relaxing after a week's work. There doesn't seem to be any paranoia about it. On several occasions I've been to parties — just a standard middle-class party with people from their early 20s on up to their 60s — and there's been a little group of people smoking pot in a cor-

ner. Those who were not smoking pot just sort of sniffed a bit and carried on."

Chemicals on the illicit market don't share marijuana's quasi-respectability. And with good reason. A bad bag of grass may turn out, at worst, to be something less than the high-grade Colombian it was advertised as. A bad cap of acid could be sheer poison. One drug, PCP, has received so much bad publicity (it can turn an unlucky user into a virtual zombie), dealers are now selling it as mescaline.

It's not easy to gauge the damage such 'recreational' drugs may be doing to our collective health and social stability. Even RCMP drug officers concede that tens of thousands of Atlantic Canadians with a taste for pot are otherwise indistinguishable from their law-abiding

neighbors.

But, in addition to the potentially lethal effects of hard drugs, there's another dark side to the business. Police in most of the region's cities say drugs — and the money needed to buy them — are behind a growing number of burglaries and thefts. Abuse of marijuana and the more exotic chemicals is cited in dozens of psychiatric admissions every month in the four Atlantic provinces. And, while medical research has yet to prove that marijuana is as devastating to the body as alcohol, grass is by no means an entirely harmless agent.

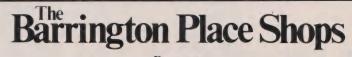
Two things might sour the outlook for the booming drug business. Ottawa might legalize marijuana entirely, sweeping four-fifths of the market into the net of government regulation and taxation. Or federal and provincial governments could order a full-bore crackdown on all aspects of the traffic.

Neither is terribly likely. Ottawa is barely inching toward something called "decriminalization" of marijuana, a virtually meaningless change that will merely bring the letter of the law into line with what is already the practice. The province of New Brunswick, meanwhile, is sitting on a comprehensive study of the drug trade that recommended substantial new enforcement efforts, and has ordered its author not to discuss his findings.

With some reluctance, our society has come to terms with alochol: We tax its consumption to mitigate its social depredations. We still put up at least token resistance against marijuana, despite a demand that has engendered an

enormous industry.

We pay a price for our ambivalence. The drug trade banks a half-billion-dollar profit a year, behind the screen of public tolerance for marijuana, behind the backs of tens of thousands of ordinary people, neither criminal nor depraved, who are simply content to let a few of their worries go up in smoke. It wears many faces, among them the despairing faces of the mad, trapped in chemical nightmares they cannot escape.



Present
"The Twelve Days of Christmas"

The thought of an old fashioned Christmas can bring a smile to your face



Come in and share Christmas with us

Saturday Afternoon Concerts Gilbert & Sullivan • Bell Ringers

> Strolling Carollers and Special Promotions

Tea Time For Weary Shoppers
Tea/Coffee and a Christmas
Cookie for 35¢

Free Gift Wrapping

Baby Sitting Service

Children's Art Classes recreate the Song "The Twelve Days of Christmas" on posters

Christmas Hours: From Dec. 1st-Dec. 23rd 9:30-9:00 December 24th

Closing at 6:00

A

Indoor Parking at Scotia Square

Watch our ads for special dates and times.

Barrington Place Shops — Your Christmas Stop. Cr. Barr./Duke • 35 Shops and Services • 429-0668

PROFILE

The second spring of Milton Acom

In Toronto, they said this outrageous, hard-drinking, brilliant Islander was finished as a poet — and maybe as a person. They were wrong

By Stephen Kimber fter 58 years of living too hard, sleeping too little, drinking too much and suffering far too many nervous breakdowns, Milton Acorn finally decided two years ago that dirty, sprawling, citified Toronto had become more cause than cure for the physical and psychic ills that dogged his life.

In Toronto in 1970, Acorn had been lauded as Canada's "People's Poet" at a roisterous party and ceremony in a downtown tavern, but most of the poets who praised him then wanted nothing to do with him 10 years later. Milton Acorn, they would tell you, had created too many scenes, involved them in too many of his interminable personal crises and

generally made at least three or four too many unconscionable demands on their friend-

ships.

Acorn had earned his reputation as Canada's most outrageous literary figure - a brilliant but cantankerous, self-proclaimed revolutionary Communist poet who was uncomfortable in the presence of most poets and almost all Communists — in Toronto in the Sixties, but he hadn't produced a new book in four years. Some critics said he hadn't produced a good book

in more than a decade. He had, instead, become almost better known for his more recent tirades against homosexual rights, "abortite anti-lifers who are trying to exterminate the children of the working class," and a whole group of rival poets he dismissed as "the 'Pound pretenders,' the ones who adopt the pretence that [Ezra] Pound's extremely dull cantos are great poetry. That," he thundered at anyone who would listen, 'is an unadulterated piece of bilge."

At a League of Canadian Poets meeting early in 1981, his fellow poets shouted him down when he protested a motion championing gay rights. "There was this 20-minute scene," Acorn remembers today. "They wouldn't shut up and I wouldn't shut up. They thought I was finished [as a poet], that it was safe to jump on me, so they tried to pound me down and deny me my freedom of speech. That was the limit. I couldn't stay around there anymore.'

Milton Acorn decided to go home. He had left his native Prince Edward Island in the late Forties to earn a living

as an itinerant carpenter, but had ended up in Toronto instead as one of the country's most highly regarded poets. "You can have your Russian Vozhnesenskys, your Levetovs and Lowells," Al Purdy wrote in one review of his work. "I'll still take Acorn." Added a reviewer for Books in Canada: "If he's not the best poet in Canada today, I'll break my typewriter."

He won a Governor-General's Literary Award in 1975 for The Island Means Minago, a collection of poetry about Prince Edward Island. Why not go back there? Besides, where else could he go? In the spring of 1981, Milton Acorn moved into the basement apartment of his 80-year-old mother's subur-

"He hasn't got too much time, he says, and he wants, needs to leave a record of the times, particularly a record of the life of the working class"

ban Charlottetown bungalow.

Incredibly, Prince Edward Island has turned out to be just the magical, marvellous, restorative elixir Milton Acorn needed. He no longer drinks, he eats health food and he's even given up the fat cigars that were once a basic part of the uniform of belligerent arrogance he strutted in public.

Libby Oughton, who knew Acorn in Toronto and in Charlottetown, is amazed at the transformation. "When I saw Milton on the street in Toronto, he looked like 'death's angel.' I heard his liver had given out from all the drinking he did, and that he was desperately ill for a long time. Everyone there thought he was finished."

He wasn't. Today, Oughton runs Ragweed Press, a small Charlottetown publishing house, and Milton Acorn is her star writer. This month, Ragweed is publishing Captain Neal MacDougal and the Naked Goddess, Acorn's first new book in five years. "When he showed me the poems he'd been writing," Oughton says, "I was literally shocked at how

good they were. And Fred Cogswell [one of Canada's best-known poetry scholars and the founder of Fredericton-based Fiddlehead Poetry Books, who helped select the poems] says it's the best writing Milton has ever done.'

Others obviously think so, too. Mc-Clelland and Stewart will publish another new collection of Acorn's poetry, to be edited by well-known Canadian poet Al Purdy, in the spring of 1983. And Oughton says Ragweed will also publish a special, limited edition volume of some Acorn poems about birds early in 1984.

With his small advance from Ragweed, his \$1,000 advance from Mc-Clelland and Stewart and his first \$18,000 Senior Artist grant from the Canada Council, Milton Acorn is earning a respectable living as a poet for the first time in his 25-year career.

But writing the poetry itself, as Acorn is the first to tell you, has become far more important to him than adding any number of new titles to the nine books he's published. His tiny, messy apartment is

filled to bursting with recent work. He continues to add to it, he says, beginning each day "at the first rays of dawn. The whole attention of my mind is directed towards writing poetry now. I don't even have the time to revise what I've written." In the past few years, he's completed 1,000 as-

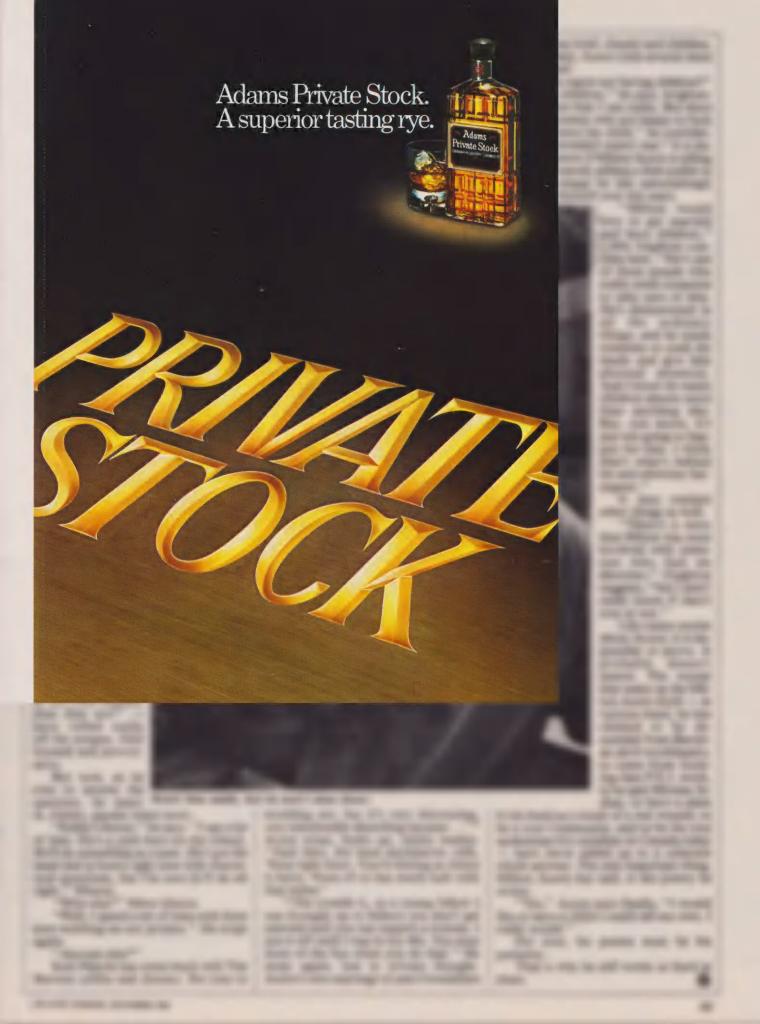
yet-unpublished poems — more than the total he had previously composed — but he freely concedes most of them won't be published in his lifetime. He doesn't care. He is writing for

He's not yet 60, but he looks 10 years older. Hard living has taken its toll. His face is creased and pallid; his eyes are red and puffy and clouded. In recent months, he has been in and out of hospital. He suffers from diabetes, and he has a nagging, nasty cough that won't go away. He tires easily. But he won't slow down.

He hasn't got too much time, he says, and he wants, needs "to leave a record of the times, particularly a record of the life of the working class. The working class," he explains earnestly, "has been terribly neglected, particularly by poets. That's why I'll never run out of things to say. Never.

"Who are your friends?" I ask. "Friends? Ah..." Milton Acorn lapses into an uncharacteristic silence.

We are sitting in Kent Martin's office in a restored building in downtown





COOKING SUGGESTIONS

- There is a natural marriage of tastes between good rye whisky and beef. Try adding a little Adams Private Stock to brown beef gravies, pot roast, beef meat balls or hamburger mix.
- Add Adams Private Stock to bean soup, barbeque sauce, etc.
- Baste Adams Private Stock over a roasting loin of pork.
- Add only enough Adams Private Stock to highlight the flavour, not dominate it. Better to add too little than too much.

COCKTAIL RECIPES

Adams Rye Cooler

NAME OF TAXABLE PARTY.

of the parameter parameter

Married Woman, when the

most to ten beef in the

No. of Advanced line line

the party property makes the Con-

the manufactured way of Man."

the Title Assets that he are the

participation for the participation of

With the Road of the Road

60 ml (2 oz.) Adams Private Stock 30 ml (1 oz.) dry vermouth 60 ml (2 oz.) orange juice 15 ml (½ oz.) lemon juice Shake with ice. Strain into a highball glass. Fill with club soda.

Adams Manhattan

45 ml (1½ oz.) Adams Private Stock 15 ml (½ oz.) sweet vermouth 1 dash Angostura bitters Stir with ice. Strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Garnish with a cherry.

make the part of the party of the

Table Suprise alle been haven in

per William In the second in Tourist, In

principle files about a supply of female and

to the self-day in the department in the

Regional Print, a week (Santonness)

in sea when the many Represent

perfection of parties from the Perfection and

IN TANK COMPANY AND REAL PROPERTY.

Street, Square, or other Publishers

Mr. Appell, Street, Strading and

Adams Alexander

45 ml (1½ oz.) Adams Private Stock 15 ml (½ oz.) Crème de Café 15 ml (½ oz.) Triple Sec 45 ml (1½ oz.) table cream (15%) Shake with ice. Strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Sprinkle with ground nutmeg.

Adams Private Punch

30 ml (1 oz.) Adams Private Stock 30 ml (1 oz.) Myers's White Rum 15 ml (½ oz.) lemon juice Shake with ice, strain into an old fashioned glass.

Recipe Card No. 1

Ref (see so the low for both in

I reserve your professor your party and

per When men British suri all

per les ratios happy between months

Stee," to belief or sented, "Say See,"

the last of the same of the party of

THE REST LAND THE PARTY LAND

Trimbel Str. - North Asset

No are comparable forces of the

Charlottetown on a cool fall morning about a week before the party to celebrate publication of his new book. Martin, a talented Prince Edward Island film-maker who is preparing a documentary on Acorn's life for the National Film Board, has allowed us to use the office for our interview.

A question about his friends seemed obvious to ask a man who had grown up in Prince Edward Island, lived away for 35 years and finally come home to discover a peace he had never known any-

where else. And Acorn himself had already told me he now spent part of each day socializing. He visits Kent Martin or Libby Oughton, and sometimes drops in at Pat's Rose and Grey Room, a popular restaurant across from Confederation Centre that is frequented by Island artists, to talk to customers read some and poems.

Still, the subject troubles him. On almost every other topic we have discussed so far, Milton Acorn's opinions — "Most poets wander around with their noses and their arses stuck up thinking they're part of the exploiting class when they're really as poor as church mice!" "All pederasts are awful peo-ple!" "Stupid, petit bourgeois editors edit their magazines just to try and prove that the general public are even stupider than they are!" have rolled easily off his tongue, fully formed and provocative.

But now, as he tries to answer the question, he paus-

es, thinks, pauses some more.
"Eddie Clinton," he says. "I see a lot of him. He's a poet here on the Island. He'll do something as a poet. He's got his head tied in knots right now with theoretical questions, but I'm sure he'll do all right." Silence.

"Who else?" More silence.

"Well, I spend a lot of time with Kent here working on our project." He stops again.

"Anyone else?"

Kent Martin has come back with Tim Horton coffee and donuts. He tries to help out. "You see a lot of Libby and Hilda [Woolnough, a Charlottetown artist]," he reminds Acorn. "And you have lots of other friends."

"Hmm," Acorn says, as if he hasn't heard. "As for women," he says finally, "my most persistent complaint is that I don't see enough of them. I've had many disappointments with women.... One time, I talked about exactly that with this board of psychiatrists." Acorn is speaking now as if there is no audience. "I told them, 'In the world we live in, there's no

MacEwen was brief, chaotic and childless. When it ended, Acorn tried several times to kill himself.

"Do you regret not having children?"
"I have children," he says, brightening. "Oh, not that I can claim. But there are lots of women who are happy to fuck a poet and have his child," he confides. "They just wouldn't marry one." It is impossible to know if Milton Acorn is telling the truth or merely adding a little polish to the public image he has painstakingly created for himself over the years.

"Milton would slove to get married and have children," Libby Oughton confides later. "He's one of those people who really needs someone to take care of him. He's disinterested in all the ordinary things, and he needs someone to cook his meals and give him physical attention. And I know he wants children almost more than anything else. But, you know, it's just not going to happen for him. I think that's what's behind his anti-abortion harangues."

It may explain other things as well.

"There's a story that Milton was once involved with someone who had an abortion," Oughton suggests, "but I don't really know if that's true or not."

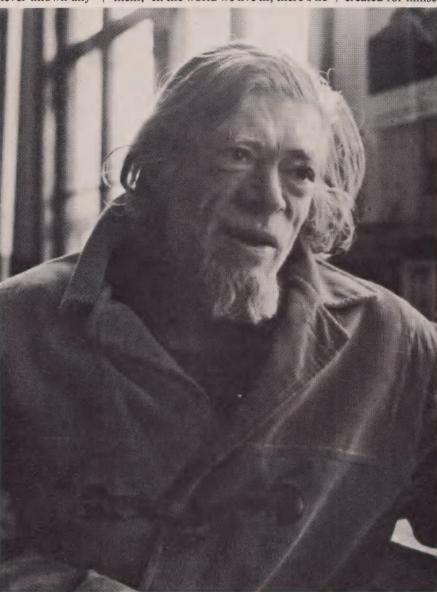
Like many stories about Acorn, it is impossible to prove. It probably doesn't matter. The stories that make up the Milton Acorn myth — at various times, he has claimed to be descended from Bavarian devil worshippers, to come from working class P.E.I. stock, to be part Micmac Indian, to have a plate

in his head as a result of a war wound, to be a true Communist, and to be the true spokesman for socialism in Canada today—have never added up to a coherent whole anyway. The only important thing, Milton Acorn has said, is the poetry he writes

"Yes," Acorn says finally, "I would like to have a child I could call my own. I really would."

For now, his poems must be his posterity.

That is why he still works so hard at them.



question, he paus- Acorn tires easily, but he won't slow down

avoiding sex, but it's very distressing, very emotionally disturbing because...'" Acorn stops, looks up, smiles weakly. "And then, the head psychiatrist yells, 'Stop right there. You're hitting us where it hurts. None of us has much luck with

"The trouble is, as a young fellow I was brought up to believe you don't get married until you can support a woman. I put it off until I was in my 40s. You miss most of the fun when you do that." He stops again, lost in private thought. Acorn's own marriage to poet Gwendolyn

EDUCATION

St. John's takes on the Bay and wins. Again

This time, the feud is over who gets Newfoundland's new, \$40-million fisheries college

ewfoundland's age-old rivalry between "townies" and "baymen" isn't nearly as intense as it used to be — partly because St. John's isn't the only "town" in the province. But the old feud between St. John's and "the Bay" could erupt again over the location of the proposed new fisheries college (to be called the Newfoundland Institute of Fisheries and Marine Technology). After a prolonged tug-of-war, the provincial and federal governments have agreed to build the \$40-million college in the capital city.

The announcement didn't surprise many, since the existing college is in St. John's. But, more and more, other Newfoundland towns — Gander, Grand Falls, Stephenville, Labrador City — have been looking enviously at the generous share of developments going to the capital. Why, they ask, does St. John's get just about everything going — provincial and federal government offices, the university, the College of Trades and Technology, spinoffs from offshore exploration and, now, the

fisheries college?

The current fuss started a few months ago, when Corner Brook decided to make a bid for the new college, which will provide trained manpower for fishing and other marine industries and will replace the present overcrowded, dilapidated facilities scattered over five campuses in St. John's. (The college now has about 960 full-time students who study such courses as navigation, nautical science, food technology and naval architecture for periods ranging from nine months to four years.) Corner Brook Mayor George Hutchings says Brian Tobin, Liberal MP for Port au Port-St. Barbe, persuaded the feds to insert a "site-to-be-determined" clause in the college proposal. "Tobin contacted me and encouraged me to go for it," Hutchings says, "so we started building a case." It included the fact that Corner Brook had available land, ample accommodations for students and staff, a fish plant and other institutions — the Sir Wilfred Grenfell College (a branch of Memorial University) and a vocational school — with which the fisheries college might share staff and facilities.

"The government did not have strong arguments [in favor of St. John's] as far as we were concerned," Hutchins says. "They said the college should go to St. John's because most of the students come from there. In fact, 40%

of Newfoundland fishermen either work or live in the western region, yet they make up only 10% of the fisheries college enrolment. So we wonder what the government's point is."

Premier Brian Peckford has argued that the estimated \$40-million cost of the project would more than double if the college were built outside St. John's. "This will be a completely new complex," says Hutchings, "so the cost will be the same no matter where it's built." Peckford also maintained that the fisheries college can attract good teachers only if it is located in St. John's. "Is he

Hutchings: Corner Brook needs a boost

saying that high-calibre teaching staff would not come to Corner Brook?" Hutchings asks. Peckford also mentioned the high cost of relocating the present college staff; Hutchings dismisses that point as ridiculous.

Early in October, in an effort to reach a compromise, the feds suggested two separate campuses for the fisheries college. Peckford labelled that proposal "hilarious, completely out of whack." Then, in mid-October, William Rompkey, the federal minister responsible for small business, announced his government's agreement with the St. John's location but he said he'd like to see "educational centres of excellence in various parts of the province. I believe wherever

we can we should bring institutions to people and not people to institutions."

Hutchings sees a sliver of hope in Rompkey's mention of the "main campus" going to St. John's. "I don't know if there's something else we can read into that," he says. There's no doubt that Corner Brook, with an unemployment rate of 20% compared with 10% for St. John's, could use the economic boost a college would bring.

As Noel Murphy, a former Corner Brook mayor, points out, the big projects tend to go to St. John's simply because it's the seat of Newfoundland government. "It has a high concentration of government members who will do what they can to serve the Avalon Peninsula," Murphy says. "It is the natural tendency of government to respond to its own area. It's so convenient to put things there and then sit on them."

Still, Murphy sees no reason why Corner Brook shouldn't have got the

fisheries college. "The community college at Stephenville [77 km south of Corner Brook] is going full blast," he says. "The Sir Wilfred Grenfell College here is doing well with a total of almost 2,000 students. So there's no reason why we can't have a fisheries college campus here, for example, attached to the university or the vocational school. Then, if it works on a trial basis, a new facility could be built."

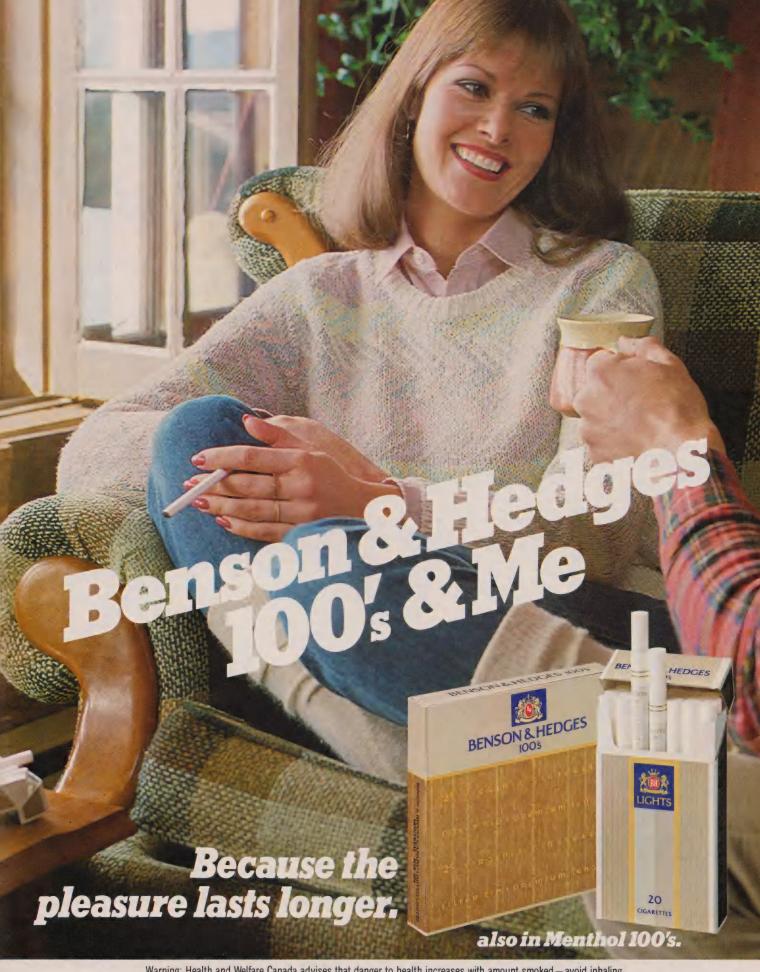
Murphy mentions other communities that were interested in getting the College — places such as Stephenville, Port aux Basques, St. Anthony. "All these places had good reasons to say the fisheries college can exist just as well outside St. John's," he says. "The mayor said that we've lost this one but we haven't lost everything. We've established that a certain amount of decentralization of

institutions is desirable to allow people

to participate."

Hutchings says his council convinced the feds that Corner Brook could handle the college and badly needs the economic boost of a big construction project and the new money a college would bring. "The people will have to judge if we were fairly treated by the provincial government," he says. "We were fighting not only for Corner Brook but trying to get an economic boost for the whole region. We made a damn good try and we have nothing to be ashamed of." And, looking ahead to future projects, he serves notice to both levels of government: "They'll hear from us again."

- Calvin Coish



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.

Benson & Hedges 100's Av. per cigarette: 15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine Benson & Hedges 100's Lights Av. per cigarette: 11 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine

MEDICINE

Abortion: The pendulum swings to the right

It used to be fairly easy to get a legal abortion in Moncton. Now it's almost impossible. And doctors at Moncton Hospital have to decide whether they have enough support to lift their abortion ban

ntil five months ago, the easiest place in New Brunswick to get an abortion was Moncton Hospital. Of 449 abortions performed in the province in 1980, for instance, 327 were at Moncton Hospital. "We didn't go outside of our area recruiting abortions," says Dr. Robert Caddick, a gynecologist at the hospital. But women came to the hospital not only from Moncton but from Kent, Westmorland and Albert counties.

All of this is partly why doctors are performing no abortions at Moncton Hospital today. Earlier this year, the hospital became the target of one of the most concentrated anti-abortion campaigns New Brunswick has ever seen. In June, the campaign finally succeeded.

The therapeutic abortion committee at Moncton Hospital, the group that decided whether women could have the operation, bowed to the sustained pressure and suspended all abortions for six months.

Under revisions made in 1969 to Canada's Criminal Code, abortions are permitted if a woman's continued pregnancy could "endanger her life



Dr. Robert Caddick

or health." Moncton Hospital's abortion committee had been the most liberal-minded in New Brunswick in defining those dangers. Caddick says the hospital simply applied "a different interpretation of 'health of the mother' than they do in other hospitals." Moncton Hospital used a definition published by the World Health Organization, which interprets a mother's health to include her physical, mental and social well-being.

Moncton's experience underscores the inequity created by the 1969 Criminal Code revisions. The flaw is not the law itself but the wide diversity of opinion about abortion in Canadian society. Since precisely what constitutes danger to a woman's health is open to wide interpretation, abortion becomes a kind of local option across the country: In some parts of Canada, abortions are easy to get; in other parts they're not. Even a federal Justice Department study known

as the Badgley Report concluded that, "in almost every aspect dealing with induced abortion...there was considerable confusion, unclear standards or social inequity involved with this procedure." Statistics Canada figures reflect the disparity: In 1979, for example, the Canadian abortion rate varied from Prince Edward Island's 1.7 per 1,000 women to British Columbia's 21.1. In New Brunswick, the rate was 2.8.

Moncton, of course, was the exception to the relatively conservative view of abortion in the rest of the province. That's why Moncton Hospital's abortion committee became the target of intense anti-abortion abuse. Caddick says the hospital's gynecologists regularly received letters in which they were labelled "murderers" and "butchers," and the hospital itself was called an "abattoir."

A native of England, Caddick says what's happened in Moncton is reminiscent of the agony Britain went through over the same issue 15 years ago. The anti-abortionists or "pro-lifers" - people who "are concerned about the sexual revolution and want to turn the clock back" - are well heeled, well organized and vociferous. Meanwhile, the other, "pro-choice" side - people who favor giving women the option of having abortions — often appears mesmerized. Because of the stigma still attached to abortion, women who've had the operation and even some groups that are philosophically supportive — such as family planning organizations — tend to remain

Caddick and his colleagues had hoped to handle their own June decision quietly. They intended merely to suspend abortions and see what happened. Perhaps, they thought, they'd finally start hearing from the pro-choice side. But the anti-abortionists learned of the doctors' decision and called a press conference to broadcast their victory. Even then, a useful public airing of the issue might have ensued, but Moncton's daily newspapers, after receiving a volley of predominantly anti-abortion mail, decided to stop publishing letters from either side. That, says Caddick, "stifled public debate on the subject.'

By now, though — and with the time rapidly approaching when the doctors must decide whether to continue their suspension — the two sides are at least clearly recognizable. The anti-abortion

forces are led by the New Brunswick Right to Life Association, which has nine chapters and 1,000 members. The association maintains an office in Moncton with two full-time employees and an annual budget of \$70,000 to \$80,000. Two of its basic tenets, executive director Peter Ryan says, are "The deliberate taking of human life is murder," and "Most pregnancies which are unwanted turn out to be wanted children by the time they are born."

To fuel its anti-abortion campaign, the association taps private donors and church organizations. It also sponsors fund-raising events, including a \$50-a-plate "roast" in September for Senator Louis J. Robichaud, which flamed into controversy. Moncton Liberal MP Gary McCauley declined his invitation, and other head table guests suddenly found excuses to be elsewhere rather than be perceived as endorsing the pro-life cause. Despite this, Ryan insists, "We came out pretty well image-wise."

On the other side of the argument are groups such as the New Brunswick Advisory Council on the Status of Women which, in September, approved a motion "that the pregnant woman should be the one to make the decision about continuing or interrupting her pregnancy." As well, since the June decision, a Committee for the Retention of Abortion Rights has been formed in Moncton. It organized a protest at the Hotel Beauséjour the night of the Robichaud roast and later in the fall ran a newspaper clip-out by which members of the public could show support for continued abortions.

Meanwhile, for some pregnant women the alternative is a quick trip to Dr. Henry Morgentaler's Montreal clinic or to Maine. In Bar Harbor, Me., Dr. Nancy Stewart's rate for an abortion is \$230 (U.S.) and, says a nurse in her office, "We've always had a lot of patients from New Brunswick." But, though the province's Medicare covers part of the cost of abortions performed elsewhere, some women still can't afford them.

That's why the Moncton situation takes on an importance extending beyond the city itself. Decrying the great disparity that exists in the availability of abortions across the country, the 1977 Badgley Report blamed the ambivalent attitudes of Canadians, their health institutions and the medical profession. Among other things, the report said, this ambivalence placed "an unreasonable professional burden on some physicians and hospitals." The recent events in Moncton show that the dilemma continues.

— David Folster and Lorraine Lovett

Keymar Heat Machines.
The Jones family's foul weather friend.



The Canadian winter is a fearsome thing: snow, ice and arctic temperatures. When energy was cheap, beating back the weather was affordable. The winters are still as tough but home heating costs have sky-rocketed. These days Canadians are looking for ways to stay warm - economically. More and more they're discovering they can save money by turning down the furnace and using Keymar kerosene heaters to warm up only the rooms in use. A Keymar is portable heat...instant...safe... economical. Plus, it's comforting to know you have heat if the

power fails on the coldest night of the year. Keymar heaters are rugged and dependable with the built-in quality expected of the most experienced company in the business. They sure look good too! There are Keymar heaters for every need: heating the barn to warming the basement. Our radiant heat 'Vara-Temp' models are the only heaters on the market that let you adjust the heat output. We also offer one and two burner stoves for cooking at the cabin. All year round you'll warm towards your Keymar as your Keymar warms you.

Keymar - a decade of leadership in portable kerosene heat.

HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

The day Visa said, "No!"

And other confessions of a credit-card wastrel

hen bank credit cards first came out, their promoters were so eager to spread them round the continent that these plastic invitations to debt winged their way to many people who'd not asked for them, including children and dead men. I seem to remember that, somewhere in the States, a dog got a credit card. He doubtless used it at the nearest butcher shop, signing with a paw print to pay for his filet mignon. The Bank of Nova Scotia congratulated one of my sons, who was then 12, for having properly looked after his savings account and, addressing him as "Mr. Bruce," seductively invited him to apply for a Chargex card. Since my own card had smoothed my slide into such astronomical debt that I often took out loans from the same branch to get off the Chargex hook, I discouraged the little chap. He's 22 now, and if he's as smart as I think he is, he's still struggling through life without a bank card.

My other son, at 13, phoned Gladstone Electronics in Toronto, calmly read my Visa number to a sales clerk, and in return received a home computer in the mail. He's got a part-time job and he repaid me (in cash), but all the same I was glad it was not a Mercedes-Benz he'd been yearning for. I have a recurrent nightmare. It's about a video-game arcade in which kids pay for playing by shoving my Visa card into a slot.

Early news stories about credit cards featured characters such as the young New Yorker of no means who cured his blues by using his shiny new card to take a quick trip around the world. He returned home owing \$13,000. He was resigned to a jail sentence but had fine memories to last him all his life. What every card-holder dreaded was that a travel-happy thief would snatch his card and use it to buy a little bit of heaven in Nice or Rio de Janeiro. Even now, when credit-card outfits guarantee you won't be liable for the bills a robber runs up in your name, it is sickening to know that a stranger is running round town with your card. When that happens, you're supposed to phone a special longdistance number so gnomes at head-



quarters can alert the world. Trouble is, the number seems so important I cache it in places I can't remember at the crucial moment. That means phoning other numbers to get *the* number.

Some clot stole my wife's purse from our car, took it to the women's can at a pizza joint, lifted \$32, then dumped the purse in the toilet tank. When the purse sabotaged the flushing action, the nice pizza man lifted the lid, found the soggy bag and phoned our house. My wife said, "Is the Visa card there?... Thank God!" I reported to the pizza house and found her card, driver's licence, Blue Cross slip, and much other stuff, all drying under the rosy glow of pizza-heating



lamps.

Spending beyond one's credit limit can be embarrassing. Mine has crept up to \$2,500, which doubtless means the Visa people are fully aware of what a mark I am. They must know exactly how much interest they've sucked out of me over the years. I'd rather not know myself. I recently surpassed my limit in Toronto. I'd run out of cash so I flashed my card at a bank teller and said, "I'll have \$200, please." She took the card, phoned someone, snippily announced, "I'm sorry, Mr. Bruce, you're well over your limit." I said, "That's impossible. Give me my \$200 bucks." She gestured toward the phone and, with all the warmth of a Siberian jailer, said "Well, would you like to talk to the Visa office." I knew what must have happened; back home, someone had been ordering computers by phone. "That won't be necessary," I huffed. "I'll take my business elsewhere." People stared at me as though I'd attempted bank fraud, and I felt like echoing Richard Nixon's famous defence: "I am not a crook."

ot everyone is as stupid as I am about credit cards. My wife and I had lunch with a fellow who'd built a business empire worth hundreds of millions of dollars. I owed him a favor and, as a point of pride, insisted on buying. When I gave my Visa card to the waiter, however, our guest looked as though I'd flashed something so repulsive I'd spoiled the whole meal for him. "You're not going to use that thing, are you?" he said. Visions of loathsome interest rates dancing in his head, he reached for cash in his wallet. Not to pay interest through the nose was a point of principle with him (which, of course, was one reason why he was so rich), and my wife immediately sensed what had upset him. "Please don't worry," she soothed. "We always pay them off before they start to charge interest." That was as pretty a lie as I've ever heard her tell.

But people who do pay on time, roughly half of all credit-card holders in Canada, are a bunch of meanies. Creditcard operators sneeringly call them "convenience users" or "CUs." Department stores now charge 28.8% on overdue accounts (though they do not send out goons with baseball bats to break the legs of reneging debtors), and the reason why we unthrifty slobs must endure such rates is that the operators don't make money on the CUs. The unthrifty carry the thrifty on their backs. "The interest charge," according to Peter Rahmer, manager of Visa operations at the Toronto Dominion Bank, "has to cover the interest-free period, the monthly statement, losses and other operating expenses." So if you pay fast, you're a freeloader. You're not doing your bit. You're downright unpatriotic.

Feeling appropriately guilty, one James Forsyth, Almonte, Ont., confessed to *The Globe and Mail*: "Having managed to pay all my credit-card balan-

ces within the interest-free period, I was beginning to feel good about myself; to view myself as a sober and responsible citizen, a true child of my thrifty Scottish ancestors. Imagine my surprise to learn that my frugality had earned me the opprobrious title of a 'convenience user,' a member of that despicable group keeping credit-card interest rates high by paying their bills on time." Forsyth hoped society would eventually view the disgusting habit of CUs "as an illness to be treated rather than a gross perversion to be punished." Meanwhile, the operators are considering retaliation: An annual fee (fine?) for the right to hold a credit card.

Those who react to the crumbling

economy by timidly saving for an even rainier day are every bit as reprehensible as CUs. Economists argue that some Canadians are saving too much, that in order to juice the economy they should spend more, perhaps on yachts, mink coats, and gin with which to drown their silly terror of personal bankruptcy. The savers deserve nothing less than a tonguelashing on the CBC by our prime minister. Now there's a fellow who knows how to spend. If thrift is now the Eighth Deadly Sin, I proudly plead not guilty. My bank account is overdrawn, I can't seem to save a nickel, and I'm paying 24% interest on a Visa debt that has again reached four figures. What more can the nation ask of me?

UNITED WAY FOLLOWS AN OLD CANADIAN CUSTOM WHEN IT COMES TO DISTRIBUTING FUNDS:



LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE.

If ordinary people are good enough to give their time and money each year to make United Way a success, they're also good enough to decide how the funds are used.

A lot of ordinary people with extraordinary dedication devote long hours looking over budgets and studying community needs. Then, they determine how the money you give is going to be allocated, among the many needs in your community.

Because that's the way United Way works. And why.

Thanks to you, it works . . . for ALL OF US.



United Way Centraide

FOOD

Have a merry, vegetarian Christmas

And you really can, with this dinner for eight that's deliciously meatless. You could even invite your favorite turkey

By Joanie Sutton

hristmas is the celebration of life and birth. What better way to commemorate the holiday than by feasting on the bounty of the earth — the vegetables and fruits that we, as Canadians, are blessed with in abundance.

When you grow your own vegetables, as we do, you begin to enjoy and appreciate them even more. It's exciting to cook with vegetables. Their subtle flavors are easily enhanced by herbs and spices, and they combine so well with dairy products and eggs, to give you totally delicious and nutritious meals.

For Christmas dinner I have created a special menu for eight, using vegetables, fresh and stored, from our garden and larder.

Rotolo

The main dish is a fresh pasta roll of Italian origin, stuffed with fresh mushrooms and spinach, and sauced with cheese.

Fresh Egg Pasta 11/2 cups unbleached white flour

2 eggs

In a mixing bowl, place 11/4 cups of the flour. Make a well and break the eggs into this. Using a fork, beat the eggs, then as you continue beating, incorporate the flour a little at a time until you have a "ball" of dough. Sprinkle the remaining 1/4 cup of flour on your bread board. Knead the dough for about 10 minutes, using more flour if necessary. The result is a smooth, supple ball of dough. Divide it in half and let it rest 30 minutes under a clean kitchen towel. Roll out each ball, on a lightly floured surface, to a rectangle 15×12 inches. Again, cover with a clean kitchen towel and let rest 30 minutes. In the meantime, heat a large (8 qt.) kettle of water with 2 tbsp. salt to boiling. Get ready a large bowl of cold water with 2 tbsp. oil. When water is boiling, carefully slip in one pasta sheet, using wooden spoons to prevent folding and sticking. Cover until water boils, then uncover and boil 3 minutes or until pasta is al dente. Remove sheet carefully, with a wire skimmer or wooden spoons, to the bowl of cold water. Repeat with other sheet. Let the sheets remain in the cold water 10 minutes, then transfer them to cold, damp kitchen towels. They are ready to fill and roll.

Spinach Mushroom Filling 2 pkgs. (10 oz. ea.) fresh spinach, washed and trimmed 1/4 cup butter 2 tbsp. minced shallots or onions
 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms, washed, trimmed, and sliced

1/2 tsp. salt pepper to taste

pinch of fresh nutmeg 1/2 cup bread crumbs

1 cup ricotta cheese (or cottage cheese)

1 egg, beaten

In a saucepan, steam cook the washed, trimmed spinach in a little water until wilted. Drain well, chop and set aside in a large mixing bowl. In a smaller saucepan, melt the butter and sauté the shallots I minute, then add the prepared mushrooms and sauté 5 minutes longer, stirring frequently. Add the salt, pepper and nutmeg, and add to the spinach. Mix well and let it cool, then add the ricotta cheese and egg.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Generously butter a 13 × 9-inch baking dish. Spread one pasta sheet with half of the filling, leaving a 1½-inch border. Fold over the two shorter side borders. Lift one edge of the towel along the lengthwise edge of the roll, and gently keep lifting. The pasta will roll itself up, like a jelly roll. Place seam side down in the baking dish. Repeat with other roll and remaining filling. Bake, covered (with foil), 30 minutes. Transfer to serving platter, slice ½ inch thick. Drizzle sauce over (recipe follows), and serve.

Cheese Sauce

3 tbsp. butter

3 tbsp. minced shallots (or onions)

3 tbsp. unbleached white flour

11/2 cups milk

1 tsp. salt

pinch of freshly grated nutmeg 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

2 tbsp. white wine

In a saucepan, melt the butter, add shallots, and sauté a few minutes over medium heat. Blend in the flour and cook about 1 minute, stirring constantly. Slowly add milk, stirring often with a whisk until it is thickened. Strain into another pan. Add the salt, pepper, nutmeg, wine and cheese, and heat through.

Brussels Sprouts Amandine

1¹/₂ lbs. fresh brussels sprouts 3 tbsp. butter ¹/₄ cup slivered almonds salt and pepper to taste

Prepare the sprouts by washing and removing any bad leaves. Cook in a small amount of water until tender (about 10 minutes). Meanwhile, sauté the slivered almonds in the butter until browned. When sprouts are done, drain

them, and toss with the almonds, butter, salt and pepper. Serve.

Broiled Tomatoes

4 medium-sized tomatoes

²/₃ cup fine dry bread crumbs

3 tbsp. melted butter

1/2 tsp. each salt, pepper and thyme

Prepare the tomatoes by slicing each in half. Combine the bread crumbs, butter, salt, pepper and thyme, and spread about 1 tbsp. of this mixture on each tomato half. Broil a few minutes until browned. Serve.

Cranberry Honey Cheesecake

Dessert is always special in our house. At Christmas it must be superb. So I've created this cheesecake, highlighting honey and cranberries, two more wonderful Maritime "crops."

11/2 cups graham cracker crumbs

1 tsp. cinnamon

6 tbsp. butter

2 tbsp. honey

3 large (8 oz.) packages cream cheese, softened

8 eggs

4 tbsp. liquid honey

1 tsp. vanilla

1 tbsp. sugar

Melt butter and honey. Pour onto graham cracker crumbs and cinnamon. Mix thoroughly and press into the bottom of a 9-inch springform pan. Set aside.

In a large bowl, place the softened cream cheese and beat well, with an electric mixer if possible, until smooth. Beat in the egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Drizzle in the honey and vanilla and beat until smooth. In a separate bowl, beat the egg whites with the 1 tbsp. sugar until they form soft peaks. Gently fold into the first mixture, using a spatula. Pour batter into prepared pan and bake in preheated 375°F. oven for 45 minutes. Turn off the heat and let cake remain in oven another 30 minutes. Cool an additional hour on a rack. Remove sides of pan. When completely cool, cover with the topping (recipe follows) and chill two hours before serving. This is better made a day ahead.

Cranberry-Honey Topping

2 cups fresh cranberries

1/2 cup honey

1/3 cup water

2 tbsp. water

1 tbsp. cornstarch

In a stainless steel or enameled saucepan, combine the cranberries, honey, and water. Bring to a boil and simmer, stirring occasionally, about 5 minutes. Add the 1 tbsp. cornstarch dissolved in 2 tbsp. cold water and cook, stirring, until thick. Let cool, then spread on cake.



ART



"View from Chebucto Head" shows Lismer's "love of sea and seacoast"

Arthur Lismer's Maritime diary

When he lived in Nova Scotia, this Group of Seven painter gave new life to a broken-down art school. He also produced a remarkable record of wartime Halifax — a rarely seen collection of paintings that will tour the region next year

By Roma Senn

hen Arthur Lismer moved to Halifax to teach 66 years ago, he found a stodgy community, a rickety old art school and only a handful of art students. It wasn't a stimulating environment for the energetic 31-year-old, who later became a founding member of the Group of Seven, the first distinctive and most influential art movement Canada ever spawned.

Lismer, who died 13 years ago, found the school — and many of the citizens — "dead in spirit." But he still produced a remarkable record of wartime Halifax, painting prolifically in bold colors and new styles. He also acquired his lifelong love for teaching, and for the east coast.

Lismer's eastern connection, says Gemey Kelly of Dalhousie Art Gallery in Halifax, "hasn't really been examined." That's why the university gallery decided to mount Arthur Lismer: Nova Scotia, 1916-1919, a magnificent, 54-piece exhibit that opens Dec. 2 and tours the region April 1 to Oct. 2 (with support from the governments of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland). The Lismer exhibit is built around "Halifax Harbour - Time of War," a 102.5-by-130-cm oil painting Lismer donated to Dal 27 years ago. Private collectors, many from the Atlantic region, lent about half the works for this major exhibit, which also includes an extensive catalogue. Kelly compiled the catalogue after a year's research and found that the more she learned about Lismer the more she liked him. "He had a lot of energy," she says, "but he wasn't a bulldozer."

He did, however, ruffle a few administrators at the Victoria School of Art and Design. (Later, he was to remark that they "opposed innovation as much out of a kind of principled parsimony as out of conservatism.") In September Gale, his biography of Lismer, John Mc-Leish notes that Lismer - who had gained some recognition as a painter before moving to Halifax — soon learned that he had landed the \$900-a-year principal's job simply because a vacancy existed, not because he was expected to make changes. The institution was "a kind of finishing school" for daughters of the rich, a place that offered no



Lismer and daughter, Marjorie, at Bedford

extension program, no children's art. Lismer began a public relations mission. "There were no pupils," he wrote, "and I had to go out and find them." Soon, 18 lively kids attended his Saturday morning art class. His students included handicapped children and eventually, young high school dropouts.

At home in the "lovely little village" of Bedford — as Lismer's daughter, Marjorie Lismer Bridges, who now lives in Ashton, Md., remembers it - the family canoed on Bedford Basin and entertained at picnics. Her father, of course, sketched. He sketched all the time, on scraps of paper, the back of menus in restaurants. He left hundreds of drawings of his wife, Esther, who read or knit as he drew outdoors. There are also caricatures of colleagues, sketches of people watching him at work, selfportraits of Lismer in a tiff when he ran out of sugar for his coffee on a camping trip. "He was a very funny man," remembers Norah McCullough of Guelph, Ont., a former colleague who recently completed a catalogue of his paintings. One of Lismer's students at the Ontario College of Art, McCullough remembers his "battered fedora" that he "threw in the air and kicked back on his head" to greet students. "You can imagine the condition it was in," she says. Children loved his antics. Several years later, Mc-Cullough helped Lismer set up children's art centres, where she witnessed his 'great gift with children.'

But Lismer was more than a gifted teacher who preached that art meant more than pictures on the wall. ("Art is a way of life," he said.) He was also a brilliant artist who saw art everywhere. The brightly camouflaged troopships that packed Halifax harbor demanded paintings on a larger scale than Lismer had attempted before; most of his earlier works were intimate country scenes. His Halifax wartime canvases were sometimes six feet long. "The crisis situation demanded big scale," McCullough says.

"He dramatized it."

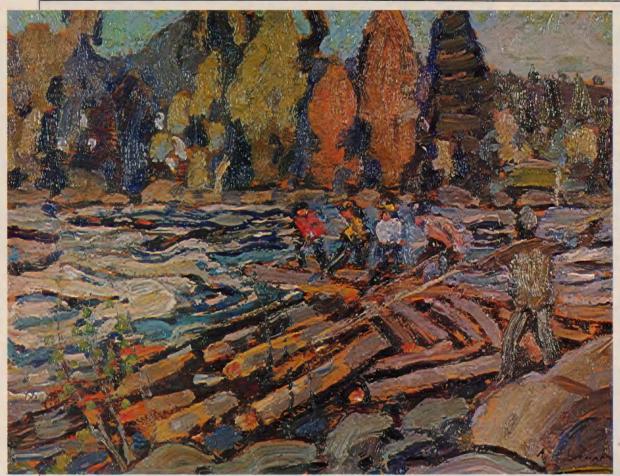
After the National Gallery in Ottawa asked Lismer to record the war effort in Halifax, he was arrested at least once. Dutiful citizens, noticing a suspiciouslooking man on the docks, where Lismer sometimes sketched, turned him in to the authorities. At sea, on convoys, in minesweepers and in submarine chasers, he sketched fortifications and guns. In one of his many unpublished manuscripts, collected by his daughter in A Border of Beauty, he wrote: "It was in Nova Scotia that I found a love of sea and seacoast, ships and fishing gear, and that most wonderful province."

The Lismers luckily escaped the tragic Halifax Explosion, Dec. 6, 1917, when the TNT-loaded French steamship Mont Blanc and the Belgian Imo collided. Ten miles away in Bedford, the Lismers heard the blast. The house shook and soot covered the dishes and white tablecloth. Esther rushed Marjorie out of the house while Lismer checked the furnace. Then, seeing the black smoke blanketing the sky over Halifax, Lismer walked to town to check the art school. The school, in a building on Argyle Street that now houses a trendy res-



Study in contrasts: "Holiday Weather" (above) and (below) "Halifax Harbour" Time of War"





"The River Drivers" shows a new style which became the mark of the Group of Seven

taurant, still stood, its windows shattered, its walls crumbled. One of Lismer's best students had died in the explosion. The school, even his office, soon became a warehouse for coffins. Lismer sketched the devastation for the Canadian Courier in Toronto and the Sheffield Independent, his home-town newspaper in the north of England. Later, in a letter to Eric Brown of the National Gallery in Ottawa, Lismer asked if the school could keep the glass that had survived the explosion in frames of lithographs he'd borrowed from the gallery. The precious glass would patch some of the school windows.

That year, Lismer's good friend and fellow artist, Tom Thomson, died on a canoe trip in his beloved Algonquin Park in northern Ontario. Other painters who were to form the Group of Seven a few years later had scattered; several had enlisted. At home, Lismer captured the grimness of war on canvas — smokebelching ships leaving on deadly missions, threatening skies, tossing waves.

The Lismers lived comfortably in a three-bedroom house overlooking Bedford Basin. Lismer loved the outdoors. In spring, he and his daughter watched, fascinated, as loggers on the nearby Sackville River freed jammed logs. In bold, vivid colors, he painted "The River

Drivers' in a new, emerging style that set the Group of Seven apart from other Canadian painters. In winter, Marjorie and her father slid down the hill from their house on a sled. The family snowshoed together. Several times, they had to rescue Garry, their Scottish terrier, from the river; once he even fell through the ice. In summer, the family went to Hubbards, Clam Harbour and the Annapolis Valley, where Lismer sketched. "I know Nova Scotia was one of his favorite places," Marjorie Bridges says. "It was on the list, second to Georgian Bay [in Ontario]." The family made good friends, including architect Andrew Cobb and art patron James E. Roy.

But something was missing. When a teaching job opened in Toronto, Lismer jumped at it. On his recommendation, the Halifax art school board replaced him with another Sheffield artist, Elizabeth Nutt, "a woman of spirit," as Lismer put it, who stayed 25 years. Sadly, the Nova Scotia Museum of Fine Arts (the forerunner of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia), which Lismer had adopted as curator, was again abandoned. But Lismer left, as he observed later, "wiser in experience." He "knew more about teaching young people." Dalhousie's Gemey Kelly calls the Halifax interlude "a critical maturing period" for Lismer,

the artist.

Lismer returned to his friends and that unspoiled land in northern Ontario that had "an atmosphere and glamor all its own." There, McLeish wrote, he created works "defrom veloped themes of great poetic strength and conveying a quality and mood of nearly epic dimensions." The critics disagreed. Most of them, in fact, hated everything Group of Seven painted. One said J.E.H. MacDonald's "Tangled Garden" was "like the inside of a drunkard's stomach." Another called the group "the hot mush school." The criticism united the artists — Lismer, MacDonald, Franklin Carmichael, Lawren Harris, A.Y. Jack-

son, Frank Johnston and Frederick H. Varley — and in 1920, they launched their first exhibit as the Group of Seven.

They painted Canada's rough, raw landscape as it had never been painted before, capturing colors and seasons, rivers and shoreline, trees and terrain. Canada, they said, didn't look like Europe, the artistic trendsetter. A growing country deserved — and needed — its own art. Lismer always said it best: "[A] nation's artists are true nation builders."

Lismer, a brilliant orator who acted as a public relations man for the Group of Seven across Canada, still sounds contemporary today. "We have been so busy building our railroads, establishing our cities, chopping down our trees, once said, "that we have not thought of the preservation of these things in terms of beauty, which is art." He travelled the world to discuss children's art education, lectured at universities and painted. Sometimes he worried he was becoming a "Sunday painter" and joked that he owned "the largest private collection of Lismers in the country." But somehow, he managed to do both — lecturing and painting — beautifully. When he died in 1969, The Gazette in Montreal published an editorial that Marjorie Lismer Bridges says best expresses her father's spirit: "For him art was not a craft to be learned by the few but something for everybody as natural as living.'



Keep up-to-date with everything that's happening Your choice subscription series Only \$1.94 a month! Eighteen issues for \$35.00 Only \$2.05 a month! Name issues for \$18.50

Twelve issues: \$25.00

Good only in Canada

Newsstand \$2.50 a month Twelve issues \$30.00

B1D 112

NAME.

ADDRESS ____

PROV.__

CODE

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Atlantic Insight, 1656 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2

BOOKS

Of warships, wireheads and Oscar Wilde

They're all in the fall lists of new books about Atlantic Canada. So are Acadians, early radio and, inevitably, the sea

Reviews by Pat Lotz hen Oscar Wilde made a lecture tour of North America in 1882, he was famous, not for his literary output which at the time was negligible, but as a member of the Aesthetic Movement. This group of artists, craftsmen and thinkers who were trying to improve the taste of British industrial society was led by John Ruskin and William Morris. But it was Wilde, satirized by Punch as an effete poseur, languidly mooning after beauty, and by Gilbert and Sullivan as Bunthorne, the maudlin hero of Patience, who was most often associated in the public's mind with the Movement. Kevin O'Brien, who teaches English at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S., has produced a highly readable account of the Canadian portion of the tour in Oscar Wilde in Canada (Personal Library,

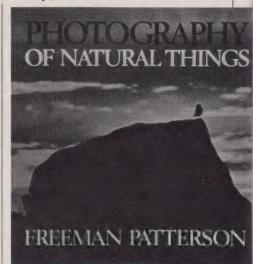
Wilde toured Quebec and Ontario in May, and in October, spent 10 days in the Maritimes, travelling 800 miles and giving nine lectures, most of them well attended and enthusiastically received. In Saint John, N.B., tickets for his lecture sold out the morning they went on sale. Afterwards, a woodsman from Jemseg remarked that Wilde "was the slickest looking man I ever saw in my life." The writer of a letter to the Halifax Morning-Chronicle was less kind. Signing himself "Aesthete-Hater," he described Wilde as a "spindle-shanked, shaky, ungraceful

specimen of manhood."

O'Brien has reconstructed Wilde's two lectures and presents them for the first time in the actual form in which they were given. In at least one Maritime centre they bore fruit. Three years after Wilde lectured in Charlottetown, *The Daily Examiner* credited his teaching with the "vast improvement" noticeable in color selection of house paints.

Readers familiar with New Brunswick photographer Freeman Patterson's earlier publications, *Photography and the Art of Seeing* and *Photography for the Joy of It*, know that his books can be enjoyed on more than one level. Patterson, described by one writer as a photographer whose "soul resides in his lens," has now published *Photography of Natural Things* (Van Nostrand Reinhold, Toronto).

The book provides a wealth of How To advice. In chapters grouped under the



headings Natural Elements and Habitats, Plants and Their Function, Animals and Their Behavior, the author deals with such topics as selecting your subject, the approach to take, pictorial design, photographic techniques. There are useful checklists covering the preparation for a field trip, selecting your photographic equipment and caring for it. Patterson doesn't forget city dwellers and housebound photographers. He devotes two chapters to the opportunities for nature photography open to them and includes other suggestions throughout the book: The photographic possibilities contained in the "enchanting miniature world of water drops," for example.

The 68 color photographs, with accompanying comments, expand and enhance the text and give readers the feeling of actually participating in the documenting and interpreting of a portion of the natural world. Even if your love of nature does not extend to recording it on film, you will be fascinated by these photos, small pockets of nature revealed in their unique beauty: Frost-rimmed leaves; the fronds of new fiddleheads emerging through the dead stalks of the previous year; wing patterns on snow and a tuft of grouse feathers, mute af-

termath of a natural drama.

In *Photography of Natural Things*,
Patterson never loses sight of the significance of man's relationship to the natural world and the totality and interrelatedness of this world. For the photographer who cares about natural things and observes them closely, the re-

ward will be an "experience of personal harmony with nature that is deeply satisfying, since that will put you more closely in tune with the system that created

and supports you."

The craft of photography was still in its youth when the photos collected by Gillian Robinson for Island Memories: Photographs of Prince Edward Island 1890-1920 (Ragweed Press, Charlottetown) were taken. Gathered from a variety of sources, many of the photos, including some of those from the P.E.I. archives, have little or no identification. Robinson rationalizes this deficiency by noting that the photos were chosen "for their humanity rather than their historic value." Perhaps it is unfair to expect more research, for, identified or not, each photo charms with the glimpse it offers us of the past. Of the photographers named, only E.L. Lumsden was a professional but, alas, even he did not identify all his work. Why is that crowd of men, women and children standing in a snowy field, gazing earnestly at the camera? Who were they? I guess we'll never know.

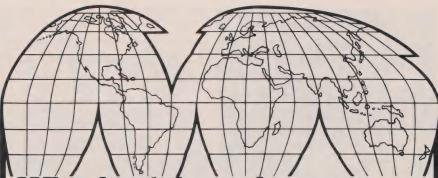
Another Ragweed Press offering is The Garden Transformed edited by Verner Smitheram, David Milne and Satadal Dasgupta, a collection of 11 essays by academics on change in Prince Edward Island since 1945. The Anne of Green Gables image of the Island as a land of pastoral beauty and perpetual youth takes a drubbing in the first two essays by J.M. Bumsted, a historian, and David Milne, a political scientist. Each compares the images of the "Island way of life" with reality and finds the gap widening. One historian called the Island "a small, isolated, violent little bailiwick" and Time dubbed it "uptight little island."

The Garden Transformed

Prince Edward Island, 1945-1980



Smitheram, Milne & Dasgupta



Which of these languages would you like to speak?

French? Spanish? Why not German? No language is too difficult for you thanks to the wide range of world famous courses we are now able to offer you. We can make this promise because our language courses have already helped more than 4 million people around the world to speak one or more of these 23 languages - easily, quickly, at home. We've taught students of all ages, and all linguistic levels to master the language of their choice.

More than 200 world-wide language experts developed these easy-to-follow courses expressly for the Linguaphone Institute, and now Campion Language Studies is pleased to make them available to you. Each course comes complete with a set of easy-to-follow study books and cassettes which enable you to start speaking and understanding the language of the start post that the start post the start post that the start post the

your choice in only a few short months!
We'll send you a free colour brochure, full of information on the language course of your choice. A free sample lesson on cassette is available

for French, Spanish and German.

Indicate:

Finnish

German

See for yourself how easy it is to start speaking and understanding a new language. There's absolutely no obligation whatsoever. Simply indicate the language(s) of your choice in the coupon below and mail it back to us today.

Clip and mail this no-risk coupon

French*	Greek	Norwegian
	Hebrew	Polish
Arabic	(Modern)	Portuguese
Chinese	Hindi	Russian
(Mandarin)	Icelandic	Serbo-Croa
Danish	Indonesian	Spanish
Dutch	Irish	Swedish

☐ Italian

Japanese

No obligation

Welsh

I would like to know how I could start to speak, in just a few short months, the language(s) I have indicated. Please send me without obligation your FREE detailed information kit.

For faster se	ervice telephone (4)	16) 597-1708	
Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms			
Address		Apt	
City		Prov.	
P.C	Phone ()	
Age (if under 18)			



Campion Language Studies

P.O. Box 1000, Willowdale, Ontario M2N 5T6

^{*}A special course prepared for the North American market

\$1 from every woman in Canada Will Help Us Be Part of the Future Too!

Canada's only women's university is asking one dollar from every woman throughout the country to support scholarships and bursaries for deserving women of all ages and to fund neglected areas of research into women's issues.

Mount Saint Vincent University is bursting at the seams with hundreds of mature women returning to full-time study. A major disadvantage has been that the university, built by women for women at a time when women were not enouraged in such circles, has no endowment funds.

The university can't provide these deserving women with the financial support they desperately need nor can it fund the many areas of neglected research on women's issues. It is determined to even out the odds and give Mount students equal opportunities to develop their potentials in an environment designed specifically for them. You can help do this by stuffing \$1 and your name in an envelope and sending it to the Mount's development office. Anything over \$5 receives an income tax receipt.



Mount Saint Vincent University 166 Bedford Highway Halifax Nova Scotia B3M 2J6 (902) 443-4450

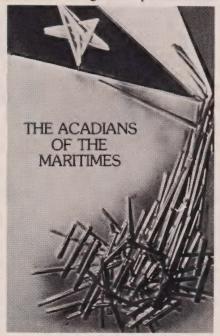
Help build the biggest network of women helping other women Canada has ever seen.

BOOKS

As the Island people and politicians struggled to adapt to change, they called in more and more outside experts. Finally the federal government put up most of the money for a Comprehensive Development Plan, launched in 1969. In "Managing Development," Donald Nemetz traces the attempts to plan development on the Island, and reveals how consultants, bureaucrats, politicians and the people argued over the future shape of life there. Despite the expensive advice and the frantic bureaucracy building, P.E.I.'s plan proved to be neither comprehensive, nor much of a plan.

Other essays deal with third-party politics, land use, agriculture, tourism, school consolidation, higher education, and "Island English." "The Garden of the Gulf" has long been looked upon as an ideal place for research and experiments. The contrast between Holland College which works to meet people at their point of need, and the University of Prince Edward Island, which has an image problem, illuminates the discussion about the future of higher education in Canada. The Garden Transformed is not just about Canada's smallest province. It sheds light on many national problems, here writ small and so more readily understandable.

Evangeline has formed the outsiders' image of the Acadians, in the same way that Anne has shaped perceptions of Islanders. Longfellow published his



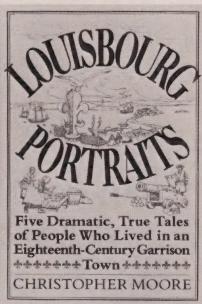
poem in 1847 — but never visited Acadia. The story of the separated lovers has made the English feel guilty, and fixed the image of Acadians as a tragic people. This is far from the truth. And now, in a fine, fat book from the Centre d'études acadiennes in Moncton, *The Acadians of the Maritimes*, these people

tell their own remarkable story.

The Acadians tried desperately to remain neutral as the English and the French struggled for supremacy in North America, building a culture based on strong family ties and self-sufficiency. What they achieved is documented in detail in 15 essays covering history, geography, settlement and population growth, economy, politics, the Catholic Church, language, education, material culture, traditional and oral literature, visual arts, theatre and music.

Young Acadians now feel a sense of loss as the larger world encroaches upon their culture. This book reveals how Acadians worked with limited resources to shape a dynamic society. Creating an insurance company, notching window sashes to tell time, reclaiming land through the communal construction of aboiteaux (dykes), these people showed endless creativity and a lack of hatred of others, despite their cruel treatment. This "minority" people could teach all Canadians a great deal about survival and the proper use of resources, material, human and spiritual. And this book provides the first step in the learning process.

While the Acadians settled on the land, the French lived in Louisbourg, the garrison town on the bleak east coast of Cape Breton which served as the anchor



of the French defence system until its final fall in 1758. In *Louisbourg Portraits* (Macmillan of Canada, Toronto), Christopher Moore has brought to life the ordinary people of the town.

Louisbourg's reconstruction as a tourist attraction has yielded a vast amount of knowledge about a lost world. Moore, a staff historian at Fortress of Louisbourg National Historic Park between 1972 and 1975, retells the stories of five people who lived there 200

years ago. A sailor accused of theft, a merchant ruined by a malicious motherin-law, a migrant fisherman lost at sea, a carpenter's son who became a privateer and then a naval officer, and a Swiss mercenary and entrepreneur illustrate how precarious life could be in this new land. Details of slaving, medicine, cod fishing, warfare on land and sea, social mores and trade, drawn from contemporary documents, make the town and its people come alive. Sometimes the mass of detail crowds out the narrative and obscures the story line. But the book provides a pleasant way of learning a great deal about a brief and violent episode in Canada's history.

Canada made some of these people and destroyed others. The book's "hero," Baptiste Guion, an adaptable man, sat out the siege of Louisbourg in 1745, co-operated with the New Englanders, and was in the town to welcome back the French. He was as Moore

writes, "a true survivor."

Breakwater Books in Newfoundland has two new publications. *The Flare of* a Match by Jim Young, a New Zealander, is a powerful and disturbing first

The FLARE of a MATCH



a novel by JIM YOUNG

novel. It tells the story of Michael Dillman, an ugly young American deserter who goes to teach in the small community of Black Rock on the Labrador-Quebec border. Young plays a role in the book, and his simple, strong prose catches the feel of life in the small isolated communities along the north shore of the St. Lawrence — a region as remote as the moon to most Canadians.

Young makes this place and the people come alive, as he writes of flying in a whiteout and jigging for cod. The Newfoundlanders may sound like stereotypes—that's a frequent complaint about regional novels. But Young has written about these people as they really are; he has not made puppets of them to get his ideas across. He describes one man in a



Booklets, Brochures and Films:

Could you use hints on how to protect your home and property against fire, vandalism and burglary? Want to have car and home insurance clearly explained? We send out brochures, loan films and, if you dial our local or toll-free number, very often we can give you an instant answer to a particular problem or question.



Insurance Bureau of Canada Bureau d'assurance du Canada

Representing private insurance companies in Canada

Suite 1206, 1505 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 3K5 Telephone: 429-2730 Toll free: 1-800-565-7189



Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia Licensed Restaurant

Visit lovely Mahone Bay and its many antique, craft and gift shops.

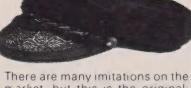
Then stop at our historic roadhouse. For lunch, try an open-face sandwich, or creamy seafood chowder. For dinner, try rich beef tenderloin, Heavenly Chicken, or a fresh seafood dish. We make everything on the premises—even our noodles and ice creams!

Rec'd Where to Eat in Canada

Fall Hours

Weekdays, 12-2:30 & 5:30-8:30 Sat. & Sun. 12-8:30 Closed Mon. Closed December 13 to March 12

Greek Fisherman's Hat



market, but this is the original; imported from Athens, Greece. Made from a rugged wool blend, and fully lined. Choose: Navy, or Black. Sizes: 63/4-73/4. Truly a great looking cap, a sailor's delight!

TO: HENDERSON & CUDMORE LTD. P.O. Box 281 P.O. Box 281 Charlottetown, P.E.I. C1A 7K6

FLEASE NUSHI			
Greek Fisherman	s Hat	Color	Size
Quantity	\$17.95	each=	
Handling \$1.50	Total=		
MasterCharge□Vis	a□ Che	eck or Money	Order 🗆
Card No			
Signature			
Ship to:			
Name			
Address			
100% MONEY-BA	ACK GI	JARANTEE	6/82

BOOKS

single sentence: "...Don, now fortyeight,...had been taught when he was eight that it was his job to keep wood up to the kitchen stove, and had done nothing else ever since." The school house on the hill, the piles of garbage in the community, the impossibly English clergyman, the way winter comes - Young compresses the essence of northern living into very few words, and avoids the ponderous symbolism and sentimentality that so frequently afflicts writers who try to describe this region. He sets the ordered lives of the people of the community against the background of a huge and menacing land that allows no margin for error.

This is more than a regional novel; it's a major contribution to Canadian literature, reminiscent of Thomas Hardy, and yet very distinctly a reflection of this

land and these people.

The Winds Softly Sigh is one of the titles in Breakwater's series on Canada's Atlantic Folklore/Folklife. In it, Reg Sparkes, born at Jackson's Arm, White Bay, chats about his childhood. "Our village won its living from the sea, the forest and the soil," he writes, recalling in fine detail the round of events that marked life there. Sparkes tells of games. mumming, Christmas, and even about teaching flies to carry matches. "Life... was not a nine to five affair," he notes. And when people "went on a 'bust,' physical or spiritual, they went full length."

Sparkes was schooled in a time when rote learning, attention to good grammar, and the Bible formed the foundations of education. He recalls his childhood in enough detail to make it fascinating, but never overburdens the book with too much information. Reading it is like looking at a series of snapshots. And the book has a biblical touch to it as the author writes of incidents that illuminate those long-gone days:

"I knew a man once who kept his excised appendix in a glass jar on his mantelpiece, but was ashamed of his father because, as he explained apologetically,

'the old man talks quare.

This gentle, refreshing book brings back a lost way of life — one whose virtues we are now beginning to appreciate.

Continuing a nostalgic theme is Signing On: The Birth of Radio in Canada (Doubleday Canada, Toronto) by Bill McNeil and Morris Wolfe, with 125 interviews and 400 advertisements from the pioneer days of radio. Nearly half the book deals with the origins of public broadcasting, whose motto is summed up as: "It has to be moral if it's oral."

The first fifth of the book covers Atlantic Canada (in a section headed "The Maritimes"), describing the origin of CHNS in Halifax, the role of VAS (Voice of the Atlantic Seaboard) and Marconi, and the impact of early radio in Labrador, among other topics. Joey



Smallwood, Menjie Shulman, Nathan Nathanson, Hugh Mills and others tell how they got involved in radio. Smallwood claims that "radio was invented by God especially for Newfoundland, and having done it for Newfoundland, He graciously allowed it to be used in other parts of the world."

In contrast, Bill McNeil tells how he broke out of the Cape Breton coal mines. and into a career in radio. Frank Willis writes of his refusal to cash in on the publicity generated by his coverage of the Moose River Mine disaster; he felt there was "something wrong" in doing so.

Unfortunately, Signing On contains no biographies of the people interviewed, which reduces its value as a historical record. Yet it captures the drama, the flubs and the feel of those early days when radio had a sense of community concern and commitment.

No roundup of regional books would be complete without a whiff of the sea. Canada's Flowers (Nimbus Publishing, Halifax) by Thomas Lynch is an affectionate portrait of Canada's corvettes.

Churchill called them "cheap, but Nasties," and author James Lamb who served in them describes them as "fatfunnelled, duck-sterned, jaunty little vessels." Technically known as "patrol vessels, whaler type," the warships were dubbed "corvettes," and played a vital role during the Second World War. In this definitive account of these ships, which were alleged to roll on wet grass, Lynch offers a feast of detail. He traces their origin, describes their war experiences with a wealth of anecdotes, pro-

fate of the 122 ships that Canada built. The corvettes proved to be peculiarly Canadian, being adapted constantly to changing conditions while they served in the North Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the English Channel. Lynch's terse and vivid prose conveys the sense of what it must have been like to serve on corvettes as they defended convoys and

vides much technical detail on their con-

struction and equipment and traces the

hunted U-boats in the worst seas in the world

Without the corvettes, the Battle of the Atlantic might have been lost. Now these unlovable vessels have found a chronicler whose labor of love is a joy

to read.

During the 19th century, running away to sea looked like the way to solve any young lad's problems. But as Judith Fingard, a Dalhousie University historian, reveals in Jack in Port (University of Toronto Press, Toronto), sailors in the 1850s and 1860s, the so-called "golden age" of employment for merchant seamen, led miserable lives ashore and afloat. As ships became larger, and new machinery was introduced to run them and to work the cargo, sailors became a scarce commodity. Seamen had little chance of advancement, and captains were often harsh tyrants and bullies. And so "crimping," private-enterprise hiring, began to fill the empty berths. In time, it became a sort of slave trade.

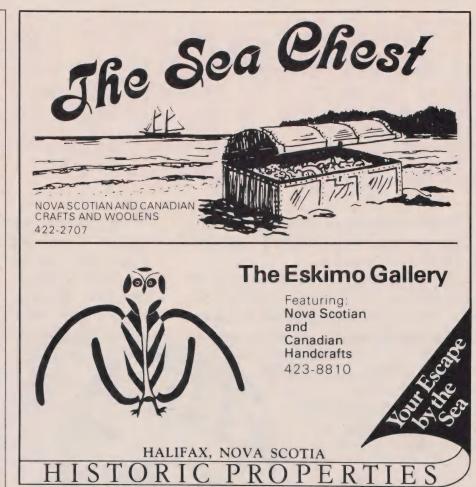
Focusing on life in the sailortowns of Quebec, Saint John and Halifax, Fingard describes life on board ship and on shore. The seafaring life, she notes, produced a "ribald, careless, matter-offact" outlook, and created a stereotype of the happy sailor. Fingard demolishes this image with her careful research, and reveals the plight of exploited men in an

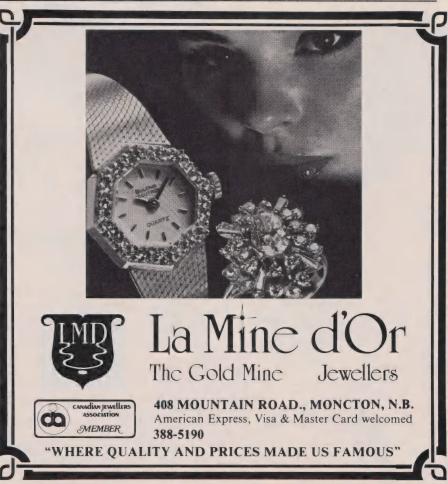
eminently readable book.

The crimps' boarding houses and seamen's homes run by reformers provided the two main forms of accommodation ashore. Neither had much to commend them but sailors usually preferred the boarding houses. They were run by people from their own class, and offered the opportunity for mutual aid in tackling common problems. Here, at least, they could have some control over their lives, rather than having them regulated by dogooders.

Finally, as an antidote to nostalgia, I offer a work of science fiction. Anyone who appreciates a fast-paced thriller will enjoy Mindkiller (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Toronto) by Halifax writer Spider Robinson, who has won both the Hugo and Nebula awards for science fiction writing. The title refers to "wireheading," the direct stimulation of the brain's pleasure centres, and its potential as "the world's first genuinely effective method of washing brains.'

The story opens in Halifax in 1994 where Norman, an English professor, is reunited after 10 years with his sister, only to have her vanish. The action switches to 1999 in New York, where Joe, a burglar, saves Karen, a wirehead addict, from suicide. Alternating between the two points in time, the plot moves Norman's search for his sister and the quixotic crusade of Joe and the rehabilitated Karen against the wirehead mastermind through numerous twists and turns to a dramatically satisfying climax. Full of futuristic gadgetry, but unfolding within a familiar moral framework, Robinson's novel is chillingly plausible.





NOW, A GIFT IDEA THAT'S TOO GOOD TO KEEP UNDER WRAPS!

Here's a gift that's good for so many people on your list, and even costs less than it did last year!

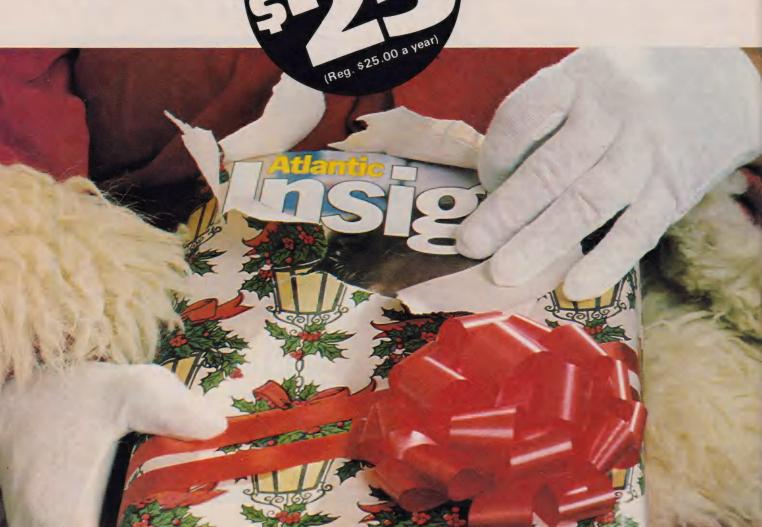
Gift your friends and relatives with subscriptions to Atlantic Insight, the news, views, pictures, people magazine of Atlantic Canada.

Order two or more gift subscriptions and pay only \$12.50 each. That's a 50% saving off the regular subscription price. A single gift subscription

is only \$17.00, and a 43% saving off the regular price. Sorry, but these special prices are good only in Canada.

Save yourself time, trouble, sore feet, and money. Order your Atlantic Insight gift subscriptions today. Just complete the order card, or write:

Atlantic Insight, Subscriptions
Dept., 958 Barrington Street,
Halifax B3H 2P7. We'll send
you 4-color gift cards to
announce your gifts.



HALF PRICE ON A FULL YEAR!

Two or more subscriptions only \$12.50 each. Special offer only in Canada. Regular \$25.00 each. USA 1-year, \$35.00. Overseas 1-year, \$45.00



NAME OF TAXABLE PARTY AND POST OFFICE ADDRESS.

No. 20 Sept 2 - Registroscopies

for 14th Ministrate Available

No. of Concession, Name of Street, or other

Mark Street, Square, Street,

Contraction of the Contraction Con-

No. 11th - 951 Suppose

No. 100: 2 - December

May Write 2 - A Spinson Writer

per Monaphylic to Miller Book.

and the contract of the contra

Appropriate Colors, for Salary

mchain patriot.

No. 5 N - Your Sp. Rose Spin

The Atlantic Insight subscription

NOW THAT'S A GIFT!

For them (12 issues) For you (50% off) Special offer on 2 or more subs. Only in Canada.

1st GIFT	MY NAMEADDRESS	
PROVCODE	PROV CODE	
2nd GIFT	Total new subs @ \$12.50 each (2 or more) Total \$ Single subscription \$17.00 □ Renew my sub. at special low rate □	
PROVCODE	Includes cards to announce your gift. Send other names and addresses on separate sheet.	



No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed In Canada

Postage will be paid by:



1656 Barrington Street Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 9Z9



SAVE TIME FUSSIEV MONEY AND SORE FEET

COMPLETE CARD AND MAIL



CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Nov.-Dec. — Fredericton Express plays: Nov. 13, New Haven; Nov. 18, Binghamton; Nov. 20, St. Catharines; Nov. 27, Rochester; Dec. 4, Adirondack; Dec. 7, 14, Maine; Dec. 12, Baltimore; Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Nov.-Dec. — Theatre New Brunswick presents "Life with Father," Nov. 29, Edmundston; Nov. 30, Campbellton; Dec. 1, Bathurst; Dec. 2, Chatham/Newcastle; Dec. 3-6, Moncton; Dec. 7, Sussex; Dec. 8-9, Saint John; Dec. 11, St. Stephen; Dec. 14-19, Fredericton

Nov. 15-30 — Ladders to Heaven: Our Judeo-Christian heritage 5000 BC-AD 500, Mount Allison University,

Sackville

Nov. 15-Dec. 15 — The Murray and Marguerite Vaughan Inuit Print Collection, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Nov. 20, 21 — Christmas Craft Sale,

Rothesay

Nov. 27-Jan. 2 — The Birth Symbol: Early textiles from eastern Europe, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Nov. 29-Dec. 31 — Paul Provencher: The last of the coureurs de bois, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

Dec. 1-30 — Photographs by Freeman Patterson, Exhibit Gallery, City

Hall, Saint John

Dec. 1-30 — Mirrorings: An exhibit by women artists from the Atlantic provinces, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Dec. 1-31 — Christmas Trees Around

the World, Moncton Museum

Dec. 3-27 — The Brave New World of Fritz Brantdner, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

Dec. 5 — Esso Concert Series presents Algonquin singer/songwriter Willie Mitchell, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

Dec. 9, 10 — Craft Sale, Boyce Farm-

ers's Market, Fredericton

Dec. 13 — Bach for Voice and Instrumental Ensemble with soprano Judith Wright, Saint Mary's University Art Gallery, Halifax

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Nov. 14 — Musicians' Gallery Sunday Concert Series presents the Fisher-Johnson Duo, clarinet and piano, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Nov. 17-20 — P.E.I. Craftsman's Fair, Confederation Centre, Charlotte-

town

Nov. 17-Dec. 12 — Contemporary Australian Prints, Confederation Centre

Art Gallery

Nov. 30-Jan. 2 — A Delicate Wilderness: Photographs by Elliott Barnes, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Dec. 3, 4 — Olde-Fashioned Christmas: An evening of entertainment, Con-

federation Centre

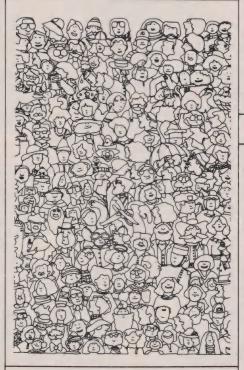
Dec. 5 — The choirs of Confederation Centre present Handel's "Messiah," Confederation Centre

Dec. 8, 9 — Stagefest '82 presents "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown," Confederation Centre

Dec. 11 — Prince Edward Island Symphony Orchestra presents "Yuletide Festival," Confederation Centre

Dec. 15-Jan. 9 — Christmas at Eptek: An exhibit of toys and gifts from the past, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Dec. 18 — "Sing Nöel": Confederation Centre Choirs, Confederation Centre



NOVA SCOTIA

Nov.-Dec. — Nova Scotia Voyageurs play: Nov. 17, St. Catharines; Nov. 21, Fredericton; Nov. 23, Rochester; Dec. 2, Adirondack; Dec. 5, 12, Maine; Dec. 9, Baltimore; Metro Centre, Halifax

Nov. 5 — The Deaf Gypsy Mime Co., Saint Mary's University Art

Gallery, Halifax

Nov. 11-14 — Another Theatre Co. presents "Beyond Therapy," Studio 1, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Nov. 17-Dec. 15 — Canada Council Art Bank Exhibition: Paintings and sculpture, Saint Mary's University Art Gallery, Halifax

Nov. 18-21 — Christmas at the Forum: Crafts and antiques, Halifax Forum

Nov. 19-Dec. 12 — From the Gallery of the Streets: European poster designs, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

Nov. 25-28 — Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen Christmas Craft Market, Metro Centre, Halifax

Nov. 27 — Chinese Magic Circus, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Nov. 28 — "The Cow's Tail":
Original illustrations by Jean Edmonds
Hancock for a recently released book,
Keith Hall, Halifax
Nov. 29-Jan. 20 — Francis Silver

Nov. 29-Jan. 20 — Francis Silver 1841-1920: Paintings and murals by a Nova Scotia folk artist, Yarmouth Coun-

ty Museum, Yarmouth

Dec. — Stage East presents "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown," Dec. 6-11, Cape Breton tour; Dec. 19-24, South Shore and Annapolis Valley; Dec. 27-31, Halifax

Dec. 2-Jan. 9 — Arthur Lismer: Nova Scotia, 1916-1919, Dalhousie Art

Gallery, Halifax

Dec. 3-Jan. 9 — Edith Smith (1867-1954) and Lewis Smith (1871-1926): A retrospective exhibit of oil paintings, watercolors and etchings, Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

Nov. — Aeolos Brass Quintet, Arts and Culture Centres, Nov. 25, Gander; Nov. 26, Grand Falls; Nov. 27, Corner Brook

Nov. 15-30 — Labrador Mythology Series: Prints by William Ritchie and Gilbert Hay, Memorial University Art Gal-

lery, St. John's

Nov. 15-Dec. 15 — "Profile '81": Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen juried craft exhibit, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Nov. 15-Dec. 15 — "On the Edge of the Eastern Ocean": Drawings by Pam Hall, Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

Nov. 19-27 — "Finian's Rainbow," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Nov. 21 — Terry Maguire: Solo dance performance, LSPU Hall, St. John's

Nov. 25-28 — Fall Craft Fair, Mary Queen of Peace Parish Hall, St. John's

Dec. 1-31 — Art Association of Newfoundland and Labrador: Annual exhibit of works by local artists, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 2 — Rare Vintage presents "Christmas Delight," LSPU Hall, St. John's

Dec. 3-27 — Quilts: An exhibit of 36 handmade quilts, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

Dec. 4 — Handel's "Messiah" performed by Memorial Music School and Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 5 — Bluegrass Jam Session with Neil Rosenberg and friends, LSPU Hall,

St. John's

Dec. 9-11 — Rising Tide Theatre presents "Dracula," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS





Second Prize. "Lowe Point" - Michael Carroll, Sydney, N.S.



Third Prize. "Bar Island" - Dana Conley, Deer Island, N.B.



Photo contest clicks in Sydney

Our second annual photo contest draws more than 2,000 entries, from all across Canada and points beyond. But how does it finally develop? Half the winners hail from Cape Breton

s editor Marilyn MacDonald said in her Editor's Letter (Oct. '82): "Seeing the way people in the Atlantic provinces see themselves is endlessly fascinating. It's also a good part of what this magazine is all about."

Judging by the geographical spread of the responses to the contest, maybe we should change the name to *World Insight*. Naturally, we had hundreds and hundreds of photographs from the four home provinces, but we also collected entries from every other province in Can-

ada, the United States of Maine, Wisconsin, and California, the British Isles and, would you believe, Zimbabwe.

Looking over the entries, it quickly became obvious that dwellers here fear not to lose their souls if their image is caught by the camera's winking eye. We must already be acquiring one of the world's great collections of babies-on-beaches pictures. Plus, wedding groups, couples, singles, oldsters, youngsters.

You have to give a nod, if not unfor-



First Prize. "Voyage Over" - Nelson Rice, North Sydney, N.S.



tunately a prize, to the photographer who depicted the spirit of the Atlantic provinces in the summertime with a pic-

ture of a beer truck. Ah, those crazy, lazy days of summer!

Which brings to mind another seemingly common denominator. A cursory glance as the entries poured in would have you convinced we live always under bright blue skies and a warm and friendly sun. Obviously, and appropriately, our judges gave more than a cursory glance and the winning entries are not the usual picture postcard views of the Atlantic provinces. That's not to belittle the quality or the content of the "picture postcard" entries, many of which are vastly superior to those currently available throughout the region.

Wade York, one of the judges and no mean photographer himself, was lavish in his praise: "The over-all quality of the entries shows a very high standard, with some demonstrating a level of skill that only comes from deep involvement, love



Second Prize." Mother & Daughter" Dwana Green, Halifax, N.S.



Third Prize. "Port-de-Grave" - Lewis Greenland, St. John's, Nfld.

of photography and an excellent eye for composition."

Looking at it from a different viewpoint, *Insight* photography director David Nichols wryly remarked: "I certainly hope they all decide to keep their amateur status."

The judges

Wade York, Master of Photographic Arts, Carsand-Mosher Ltd. Bill Richardson, Art Director,

Atlantic Insight

David Nichols, Photography Director, Atlantic Insight

The prizes

1st Prizes: Minolta XGM 35 2nd Prizes: Minolta Hi-Matic AF-2 3rd Prizes: Minolta Weathermatic A All prizes were supplied by Carsand-

Mosher Photographic Ltd.

MOVIES

The bandit who always said please

The hero of The Grey Fox — a polite, softspoken sweetheart of a man who robbed trains — is a beautiful loser. The movie's a winner

Reviews by Martin Knelman

he Grey Fox, which tells the story of Bill Miner, Canada's first train robber is a spectacularly well-made first feature by Phillip Borsos, but as it ambles along for the first 20 minutes or so, it appears that it's going to be nothing more than a handsome, painstaking, period piece — Canada's answer to those oh-so-civilized-and-respectable Australian pictures such as We of the Never Never and Gallipoli. (Borsos, indeed, was born in Australia and moved to Canada at age five; maybe a little Aus-

tralian sensibility seeped into his bones.) But luckily, Jackie Burroughs comes along to liven things up and snatch the movie from the jaws of artful

We're introduced to the hero, played by Richard Farnsworth (a Hollywood stuntman for 40 years who turned character actor a few years ago and got an Oscar nomination for Comes a Horseman), and it's clear at once that he's the cool, laconic sort whose feelings will pretty well be kept to himself. Next to this guy, Henry Fonda would seem downright gabby, and Gregory Peck an impossible hothead. Bill Miner was not your average outlaw. He was known as "the Gentleman Bandit," and historians credit him with inventing the phrase "hands up." Born in Kentucky in the mid-1840s, Miner held up the Arizona pony express in 1863 and became an accomplished stagecoach robber. But in 1901, when he got out of San Quentin, having served 33 years on and off, Richard Farnsworth as the train robber in The Grey Fox

there were no stagecoaches left, and Miner had to learn a new craft. We see him riding a train from San Francisco to Seattle, as ill-suited as Rip Van Winkle to the new era into which he has stumbled. He lives briefly in Washington State with his sister and brother-in-law, but he knows he wasn't put on this earth to pick fruit. He toys with the notion of prospecting, but his sister breaks the news: The gold rush is over.

Then comes the moment that changes his life. Bill Miner goes to see that cinematic masterpiece of 1903, The Great Train Robbery. Here the film-makers, who have an almost documentarian obsession with historical authenticity, may be taking a bit of licence. There's no way of knowing for sure that Miner saw it, but The Great Train Robbery did indeed play in Seattle while he was in the area. It's wonderful to be able to believe that this is how a legendary train bandit, at the age of 60, was recruited.

Borsos, who was trained in the visual arts, has made a picture that provides a feast for the eyes right from the start, and it's obvious that he means to build a completely authentic re-creation of the Pacific Northwest around the turn of the century, but with the phony Hollywood

mythology stripped away. Certainly, this movie looks great. The cinematography is by Frank Tidy, who shot The Duellists, and the production designer was Bill Brodie, whose credits have included Superman and Barry Lyndon. The production values are all the more startling when you realize that this is a début movie for a director still under 30. Yet the emotional austerity, though probably intentional, can feel like a form of deprivation.

Luckily, just when the audience is starved for flamboyance, Borsos serves up Jackie Burroughs. Our first glimpse of her is as startling as Rita Hayworth's

famous hairdo-first entrance in Gilda. Memorably done up as a Victorian lady, with a high-necked dress and a huge blue hat that appears to have a life of its own, like some monumental bird's nest, Burroughs bristles and simmers away under the finery, the auburn hair beneath the hat like a smoldering volcano about to erupt. There probably isn't a director in the world who could make Jackie Burroughs seem understated or repressed; that's why her Kate makes a perfect counterpoint for Farnsworth's Bill Miner.

Spiritually, Kate seems to be a relative of both the Louise Bryant character played by Diane Keaton in Reds and Violet Decarmin, the gregarious, battered hooker Burroughs played on stage

> in Calgary last year in Farther West. Miner, who has just arrived in Kamloops, encounters her in a newspaper office, where she is fuming at the editor about an editorial on the treatment of women in factories. When the editor refuses to print her letter on behalf of a national women's trade union, she tells him off - "You have the mentality of a grocery clerk" — and sweeps out. It's a rousing scene; I only wish the screen writer could have resisted the urge to have the editor remark, after her exit, that there's nothing wrong with her that a man wouldn't fix - especially since the audience may get the idea the editor was right when Kate falls for Miner.

> It's especially gratifying to see Jackie Burroughs break through on the screen, because except for her 1966 appearance in Don Owen's Notes for a Film about Donna and Gail, her considerable talents have been badly used or else completely neglected by moviemakers, and so a

talent long treasured by Canadian theatre-goers has not been discovered by the movie audience. It's too late now for her to play the parts she should have had when our film industry was young, but in The Grey Fox she has a delicious, older-woman role. (And she has another major part in the forthcoming film version of The Wars, directed by Robin Phillips, who has done rewarding work with her in the theatre.)

The heroine of The Grey Fox is an unmarried renegade - a fierce rebel within a society with little tolerance for rebels — who happens to be in the B.C. interior because one day she just got on



Balance your investments

Most experts agree that a well-balanced portfolio includes a real estate investment



QUALICO SECURITIES LTD.

Prime Real Estate Tax Shelter Investments



IF YOU'LL NOTICE...

WE'RE NOT GOING TO SAY ANY-THING IN THIS AD TO DESCRIBE OUR KITCHENS. WHY SHOULD YOU BELIEVE US ANYWAY? WHAT WE DO SUGGEST IS THAT YOU DROP IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF, OUR BEST CUSTOMERS ARE ONES WHO HAVE SHOPPED AROUND.

TAKE A LOOK, AND

YOU'LL NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE



New Brunswick
Glenwood Kitchen — Shediac — 532-4491
House of Kitchens — Moncton — 384-7777
Sackville Kustom Kabinets — 536-2202
Kitchen Fashions — Fredericton — 454-1279
Hart Building Supplies — Saint John — 672-3440

Nova Scotia
Classic Kitchens — Halifax — 463-9299
Irvine's Kitchen Centre — Truro — 893-2755
Antigonish Kitchens — 863-1363
Terry Campbell Ltd. — Sydney — 539-2515

Prince Edward Island
Kitchen Cabinet Centre — Charlottetown — 892-2309

This Way To Canada An Activity Book For Young Children

Nova Scotia Authors: Sharon Bray Sarah Stouffer



Age Suitability: 4 - 8 years Soft Cover 10½ x 13 Page Size 48 pp.

Introduces children to numbers, colors, shapes while at the same time, through print, leads to an awareness of Canada.

Activities on every page.

Price \$5.50

Add \$1.00 For Shipping & Handling Send Certified Cheque or Money Order To:

Harold H. Simpson & Associates Box 1061, Truro, N.S. B2N 5G9

MOVIES

a train and moved west. Kate earns her living as a photographer, "recording injustice with a camera," as she puts it. When she gets involved with Bill Miner, she knows nothing of his criminal background, yet it's perfectly understandable that she'd be drawn to an outlaw. But he doesn't tell her anything about his criminal activities until it's time for him to flee, and she has already guessed. "I'm not the man you thought I was," he tells her. But of course he is exactly the man she thought he was, so they make plans to be reunited. Having pulled off one successful train robbery near Mission Junction, B.C., in 1904, Miner and his cohorts tried another near Kamloops in 1906 and blundered badly, making off with \$15 and a bottle of liver pills. Their bungling, of course, makes them more lovable from the movie's point of view.

Miner and his two partners headed east, posing as prospectors, and were apprehended in the bush by mounties. It took two jury trials to get a conviction. Miner was sentenced to 25 years, but he escaped from the British Columbia Penitentiary in August, 1907, and was never seen in Canada again. In 1911, he pulled another train robbery in Georgia, got caught, escaped again, and is believed to have spent some time in Europe with Kate before his death in 1913.

There have been only 33 train robberies in North American history, and Miner was responsible for five of them. What set him apart from other outlaws was his courtliness; well-mannered and benevolent, Miner epitomized the perfect old gentleman. The movie seizes on this aspect of Miner's character, but not in a playful way. He's a good, simple, sweetheart of a man, who never wanted to harm anybody, who in fact never seems to raise his voice above a whisper. There's a wonderful moment, which seems to spoof all the refinement in the air, when Miner comes upon Kate as she is about to whack a golf ball. He's drawn by the music she's playing on her portable gramophone — an operatic aria.

Phillip Borsos lived in the Fraser Valley only a few miles from the site of Miner's first train robbery. Miner was a local legend, and Borsos always wanted to make a movie about him. At one point, he tried to do it as a documentary, and at another time planned a television series. Borsos spent years trying to interest movie producers all over the world, and Peter O'Brian, a Toronto producer who had been involved in Fast Company, Blood and Guts and Mr. Patman, was one of the only two who responded positively. The project went through nine rewrites and three writers before shooting began near Cranbrook, B.C., in the fall of 1980, with a budget of about \$3.5 million. Now, finally, Borsos and O'Brian are about to get their movie into North American theatres. Francis Coppola's Zoetrope Studios is expected to re-



25% OFF!

New Seagull Outboard Motors Ordered before January 31. Spring 1983 Delivery

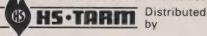
Bill Fulton — 454-9560 2914 Doug Smith Dr., Halifax



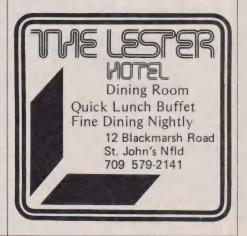
WOOD-OIL COMBINATION FORCED HOT WATER HEATING



- Ruggedly built
- · Burns all night
- Automatically switches to oil
 - In use for over 14 years
 - Domestic hot water included



Wilson's Limited Charlottetown, P.E.I. P.O. Box 546 894-9517



lease it late this year.

The script that finally emerged, credited to John Hunter, is short on sparkling dialogue and emotional peaks, but it suits Borsos, a glutton for visual detail but a minimalist when it comes to human expression. It isn't always clear whether Borsos means to purify the genre by throwing out the lore and glamor and starting over, or whether he's just trying to show that even outlaws can be repressed, understated members of a suffocatingly well-ordered society.

One of the amusing aspects of this yarn is that when Canada discovers a legendary outlaw in its history, it turns out that the outlaw was an import from the United States. In the movie, the Canadian sergeant who figures out Miner's identity is sympathetic; it's the villainous Americans who insist on having him hunted down. The Canadian responds the way Mike Pearson, say, responded to LBJ: Against his better judgment, he lets himself be bullied. The Grey Fox virtually turns Bill Miner into an honorary Canadian. His impulses are so deeply buried, he could be the Mackenzie King of crime. Miner never flaunts his notoriety, the way an American outlaw would, and there's never even any indication that he enjoys it. The subliminal message is that in Canada, even a spectacularly daring bandit becomes a beautiful loser and a passive victim, his sweet dreams trampled by the rapacious American machine of retribution.

Monsignor. Christopher (Superman) Reeve as a troubled young priest, with Geneviève Bujold and Fernando Rey, directed by Frank Perry.

Smash Palace. New Zealand's answer to Shoot the Moon. This raw account of an ugly reckoning between a married couple on the verge of separating has a strong documentary flavor. The plot turns on a court order obtained by the wife (Anna Jemison) to prevent the husband (Bruno Lawrence) from seeing their daughter. The title alludes to the wrecking yard where the husband works.

Historic Map AUTHENTIC SHIPWRECK & CEMETERY MAP OF PRINCE

CEMETERY MAP OF PRINCE
DWARD ISLAND, CANADA.

CONTAINS 350 ARTICLES OF CAREFULLY RESEARCHED
INFORMATION COVERING THE YEARS FROM THE LATE
1700'S TO THE EARLY 1900'S PRINTED ON HIGH OUALITY
SEND TORE TEXTURED PAPER. AN ENTERTAINING, EDUCATIONAL CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR ANY AGE GROUP, PERFECT FOR FRAMING. SIZE: 18" x 24"
PRICE: \$3,95 plus 50 e P.D.C. (P.E.I. Residents add 10% Prov. Sales Tax)
SEND YOUR ORDER TO: THE SEAGULL LINE
Kingston
ALLOW 2 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY P.E.I. COA 1H0



MARKETPLACE

CRAFTS

CANADIAN CRAFTS for all the familyprojects, patterns, detailed instructions in Hands, Canada's sparkling bi-monthly craft magazine. Christmas special until December 31, first subscription (new or renewal) \$11; each additional, \$10; \$3 extra outside Canada. Visa accepted. Hands Magazine, Dept. A. Box 867, Station F, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 2N7

HANDCRAFTED HARDWOOD TOYS-Not available through retail outlets. 15 models with movable parts and people. A truly crafted gift. Woody Toys, Box 23, Berry Head, Newfoundland (709) 648-2872. In Nova Scotia, The Curries, 1956 Preston Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia (902) 429-2374

MARITIME FLAVOR. A selection of handcrafted products for your gift ideas. We select all products personally, knowing "That Today's Shopper Expects Quality and Value." Shopping for those special gifts becomes a pleasure when you contact: MCS Ventures Ltd., 1535 Birmingham Street, P.O. Box 8148, Station A, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K 5L8 (902) 422-2196

GENERAL

50TH ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATIVE BADGE—To mark the 50th anniversary of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police serving as the provincial police in Nova Scotia, the Inverness RCMP Detachment in co-operation with the Inverness Kinsmen Club, will issue a limited edition (1,000 sets) of the Nova Scotia Police badge along with the current cap badge of the RCMP. These sets, a high-quality reproduction, will be numbered and accompanied by a brochure explaining their historical significance. The badges will come in a custom-designed presentation case and will cost \$35, tax included. All proceeds will go towards community projects. Orders with a certified cheque or money order should be sent to: The President, Kinsmen Club of Inverness, Inverness, Nova Scotia BOE 1NO

FREE REPORTS ON OPPORTUNITIES in "Writing," "Photo-Journalism," "Self-pub-lishing," "Mailorder Business." Cooke lishing," "Mailorder Business." Cooke Limited, 58-I Madsen, Beaconsfield, Quebec **H9W 4T7**

HAVE COMPUTERS—WILL TRAVEL! Your group interested in learning computer BASIC? Our mobile lab provides 20 microcomputers. Infosystems, Box 1394, Sackville, New Brunswick EOA 3CO

MINIATURE SCHNAUZER puppies, C.K.C. Registered, Champion parents, needled. Birchlea Kennels Reg., Box 32, Newport, Nova Scotia BON 2AO (902) 757-2212

HUNTERS—Buy our blaze orange hunting jacket, hood and pants before going into the woods. 100% Canadian. R.T. Sainthill & Son Ltd., Box 188, North Sydney, Nova Scotia B2A 3M3 (902) 794-7261

CLEARWATER AREA, 2 bedroom condo furnished, pool, tennis, close to shopping and golf. \$800-\$1,200 monthly only. (902) 422-1405 or evenings (902) 429-5145

BOOKS

NAUTICAL BOOKS. One of the largest specialized stocks in the world-right here in the Maritimes! NAUTICA deals exclusively in rare and used books of the sea of every description. Come and visit or write for free catalogue. Nautica Booksellers, 1579 Dresden Row, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 2K4



Only \$1.00 per word

Marketplace **Order Form**

To: Atlantic Insight, Marketplace 1656 Barrington Street, Halifax N.S. B3J 2A2 (902) 429-8090

My ad is words (\$1 per word, minimum 10 words). Name, address, \$5.00 flat rate. Please run times. Total cost \$..... (Must be included with order.) Copy deadline six weeks prior to month of issue. Inquire about special rates for display.

Please supply copy, name, address, and telephone number on separate sheet of paper.

You agree to offer a money-back guarantee respecting good or services.

Your ad could reach 200,000 readers.

RAY GUY'S COLUMN

Some advice for would-be writers: Stick to gutting codfish, my son

ay, stick to your line and jigger, Jacky old cock," cried I, "and steer well away from this accurs-

John, one of my distant and less gruesome relatives, accosts me from time to time and demands helpful hints on how to become a paid writer. He is dished off with his own calling, the fishery, and wants to turn his hand to the pen. For the sake of his late, sainted mother I do my damndest to dissuade him, or so I tell him. "Trot off and give Mother Teresa a

hand with the latrines in Calcutta," I tell him, "or carry an old rugged cross to Vancouver on your back, or apply for auditor general of New Brunswick.. and leave the really nasty work to fools

Poor deluded Jacky. I once made the mistake of telling him that I could type 45 words a minute in top gear and that a magazine column was usually 1,200 words long. He got off his boots and

stockings and calculated that I worked

a good half-an-hour day.

"But it kind of runs in the family," he persisted. "What about great-uncle Jukes? Didn't granny used to tell us he was a great hand with the pen?"

"No, my son...for the pen. He liked jail so well he was never content in the greater world. No sooner out than he'd crack the windows down at the Salvation Army Tabernacle and they'd pitch him back in HM Gaol again, happy as a bluearsed fly in stink.'

"Yes, well, but there was second cousin Maudie, wasn't there?" says John. "Didn't she write so fine a letter to the Welfare one time that she got a spandered new house and a dozen Chev-

iot sheep out of it?"

'She would've got a lot more," I said, "if the minister of Welfare hadn't had a heart attack when the flash on Maudie's Brownie Hawkeye went off.

"No, John," I explained, "some of our crowd down through the years might have shown a filthy penchant for journalizing but they were smart - they either gave themselves up for electro-shock therapy or else switched their vote to the Liberals. A certain cure in either case. I'm the only real failure in that line and I'm paying the price on this side of the grave as I'm sure I will on the other.'

But John is nothing if not wonderfully pig-headed. He claimed that I showed no outward wear and tear from so scurvy a life and didn't I always know where my next hot toddy was coming from? He supposed it was only a matter

of coming up with ideas.

"Easier said than done," I said. "In the past 20 years I've come up with only five ideas, two of which weren't lewd. Try pounding the spit out of two suitable ideas for 20 years and there's nothing keeps your head from caving in except your eyeglasses."

Jacky was not convinced. Ideas were never a problem with him, he said. He got a new one just about every time he

gutted a mackerel.

"Look old man," I said, "it might look easy but you don't know the half of it. There's editors. You must have hauled some stern-looking customers in over the gunwales in your time but you have never had any dealings with an editor. They're a constant crucifixion. They're like the wolverine whose mate you have bagged and pelted and they will stalk and torment you to Baffin Island and back. They all have a pathological fixation on a silly little thing called a deadline.

"Ah, my happy-go-lucky fisherperson," I sighed, stopping just short of rolling my eyes upward, "you don't know the terror of the poor winded bunny rabbit as the beagles draw ever nearer until you've overlooked a deadline. Miss one and you might as well have been caught relieving yourself in a baptismal font. It's a constant grinding strain which grievously abrades the nerves."

"Granted," says Jacky, "but there are little hardships in all trades. I mean, you're not exposed to all weathers, the price on the Boston market holds no terrors for you, and you can miss a quota without the poorhouse staring you straight in the face. Got her knocked, haven't you?"

Here was one tough customer and I knew it. This lad was bound and determined on straying from the paths of righteousness and embarking on a life of journalizing. I took another tack.

"Just answer me this, would you John," I said in as patient a tone as I could muster. "If you ever met a very large Dutchman, why would it never do at all to call him a monkey-sucker? Got you there, haven't I. It's because, my son, in times past in Holland it was the custom to give a spoon with the image of a monkey on the handle as a present at weddings, christenings and funerals. Large spoons, apparently, out of which toasts were drunk. A Dutch lush, you see John old trout, is called a monkey-sucker, and if you addressed a large one as such you'd probably have to get a wooden shoe removed by surgical means." He gave me a blank look. I smiled

and shook my head sadly. Then I pressed

home my point.

"If you ever want to journalize, God help you, then you must cram your wretched head with tens of thousands of useless bits of information like that in the hope that they will someday be of use to you. Your social life is a shambles. Once too often you'll suddenly pop the subject of Dutch monkey-suckers and . . . " and here my voice broke.

"I was asked out to my last party, John, the month before Kennedy was shot, and anxious mothers call their children indoors whenever I pass by. For mercy sake, stick with the fishery, John. ' 'Twas the Apostles' own calling' as... can you tell me who said that?"
"Weell, perhaps you're right,"

replied the insufferable mulehead. "But surely there must be some advantages. I mean, you journalizers must have great larks teasing all those blackguarding big shots and getting them hopping mad."

"Now, that is possibly the greatest fallacy of all," I countered. "That lot thrives on abuse like maggots on a dead whale. Spell their names right and although you've risen to new heights of scurrility, Christmas cards enclosing tickets to Florida are their only reaction."

"Say what you like," he said, "I'm at least going to give it a try.'

Desperate cases require desperate

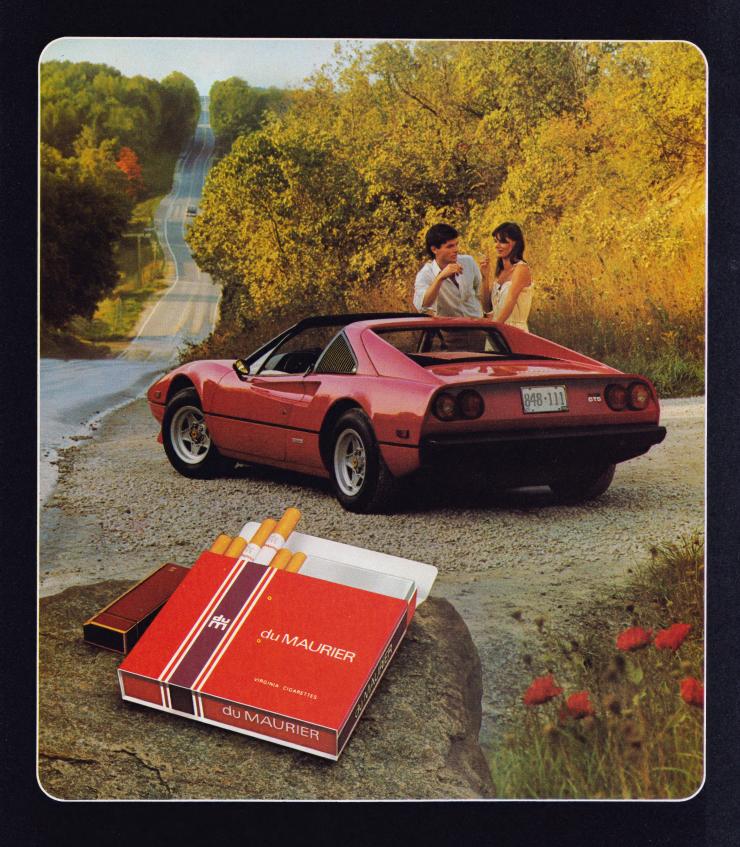
cures. I took a notepad and pencil.
"Do you know," I asked, "what we journalizers earn, on the average, in the course of a mind-destroying, soul-obliterating, body-rotting year? I'll write it down for you. Look, my son, and save yourself alive!'

He blanched and staggered slightly. He backed quickly away. Gesturing a hasty goodbye he started to walk and then broke into a brisk trot.
"Hey, Jacky," I called after him.

"Where are you off to so fast? I've told you the best bits about this racket; don't you want to hear the darker side?'

"I'se the boy that builds the boat," he shouted back over his shoulder, "and I'se the boy that sails her...

It was a close call but I think I managed it quite nicely. As any journalizer will tell you, we'll go to spectacular lengths to discourage others from this trade. We do not want every old Tom, Dick or Jacky horning in on this, the most splendid and wonderful racket in the world.



duMAURIER

For people with a taste for something better



The Canadian Spirit... Canadian Spirit Special Old Rye Whisky, is carefully aged and matured for five years, and then subtly blended to bring out its very mellow best. Canadians enjoy. Meet a Canadian with spirit.